

ARMY OF DARKNESS™

THE LONG ROAD HOME



DYNAMITE.

Suyoon



THE LONG ROAD HOME

"And here's a lesson for ya. Just because something's in print, don't make it so. I learned that from reading the playmate of the month bios."

-- Ashley J. Williams

After the Apocalyptic events of "From the Ashes" (Army of Darkness issues 1-4, available now in trade paperback), Ash is reunited with Sheila as the two set out to remake the world and reclaim the legacy of humanity.

How can Ash possibly screw this up?

Oh, just you wait.... It all starts here in Ash's "Long Road Home"!

Featuring the guiding hand of writer James Kuhoric, along with writer Mike Raicht and artist Fernando Blanco! Also includes a complete cover gallery by Arthur Suydam, Fabiano Neves, and Stjepan Sejic!

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ENTERTAINMENT



DYNAMITE ENTERTAINMENT PRESENTS

ARMY OF DARKNESS™

THE LONG ROAD HOME



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ARMY OF DARKNESS™

THE LONG ROAD HOME

In an age of darkness.
At a time of evil.
When the world needed a hero.
What it got was him.

Following the events of "From the Ashes", Ash is reunited with Sheila as the two set out to remake the world and reclaim the legacy of humanity. How can Ash possibly screw this up? Oh, just you wait.... It all starts here as Ash hops on "The Long Road Home"!

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FABIANO⁰⁷

JB

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It is a story as old as time itself.

Boy takes a vacation into the woods with his eye-candy girlfriend.



After finding Necronomicon ex Mortis in the cabin, boy unwittingly unleashes hell on Earth.

Boy is forced to sever the head of the now demonically possessed eye-candy before the end of the first reel.

And is unceremoniously sucked through a dimensional portal into the past.



Ultimately, he is hailed as its savior by the primitive screw-heads.



While doing... "savior things," the boy finds a wench who could very well be his soul mate.



Things get ugly and he loses wench to evil doppelganger twin.

Girl becomes evil She-Bitch. Big surprise.



Boy finds super hot, ass-kicking chick and proceeds to lose her to same doppelganger.



Continues to kick the ass of all types of undead marvels across the realities and prevails.

Well... kind of.

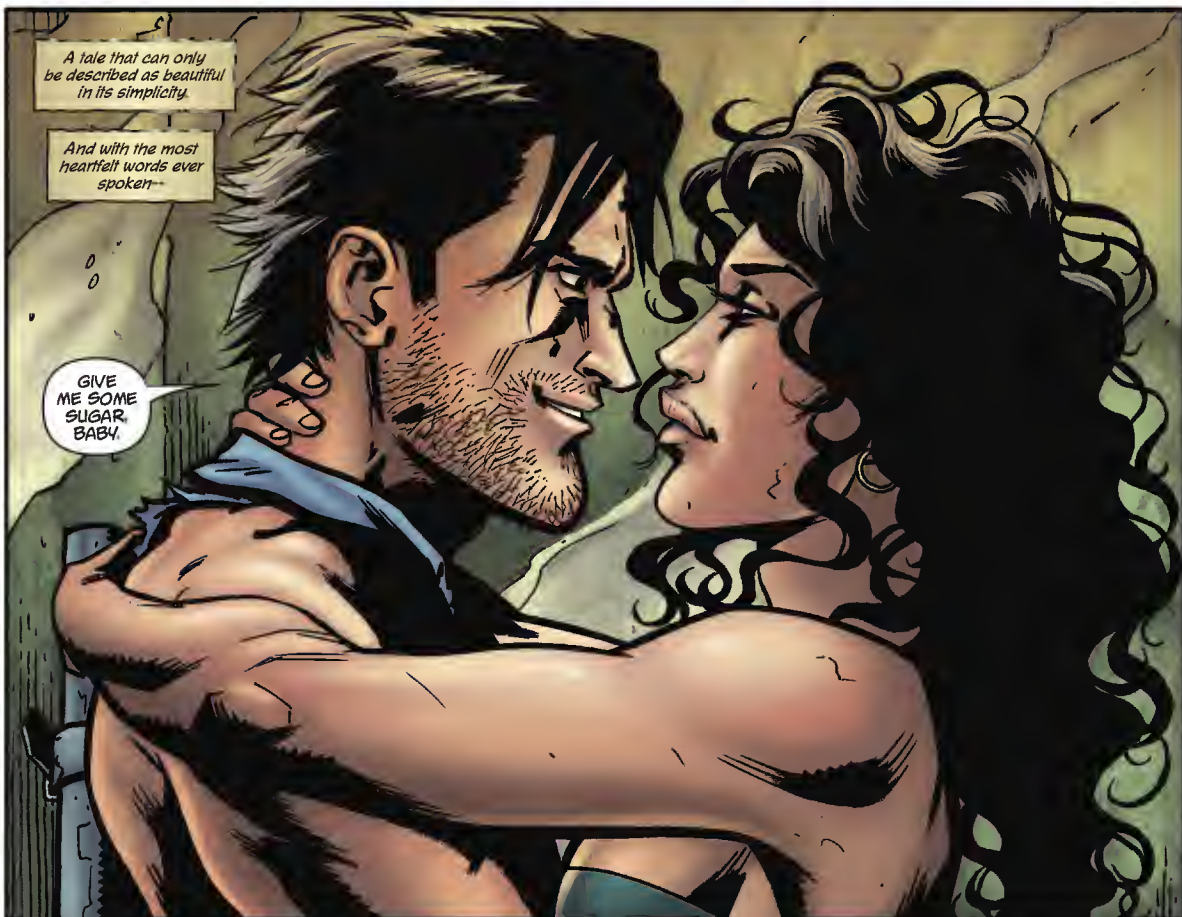


Boy finally gets back to the real world only to find that the Deadites have taken a king size dump on everything. After losing even more friends, he finally defeats the evil twin, destroys the Deadite infestation, and saves the world...



Returns full circle and rescues soul mate from eternity of Deadite possession.

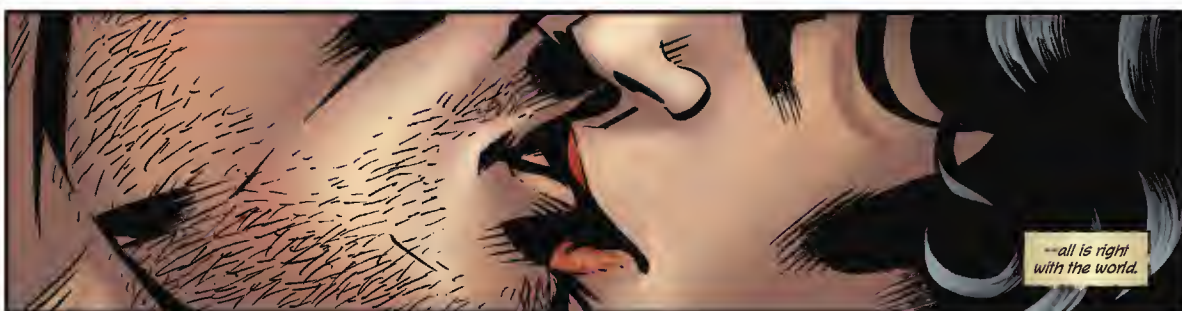
The end.



A tale that can only be described as beautiful in its simplicity.

And with the most heartfelt words ever spoken--

GIVE ME SOME SUGAR, BABY.



--all is right with the world.



Or perhaps not.

OOPS. SORRY, SUGARBABY.

THAT LINE WAS A BIT TOO SOON. EVEN FOR ME.



I'M SO SORRY TO HAVE MESS'D YOU UP IN THIS.

THE LAST THING I WANTED WAS FOR YOU, OR THAT GLORIOUS BOB OF YOURS, TO GET HURT.

DIDST THOU KNOW HER...WELL, ASHLEY?



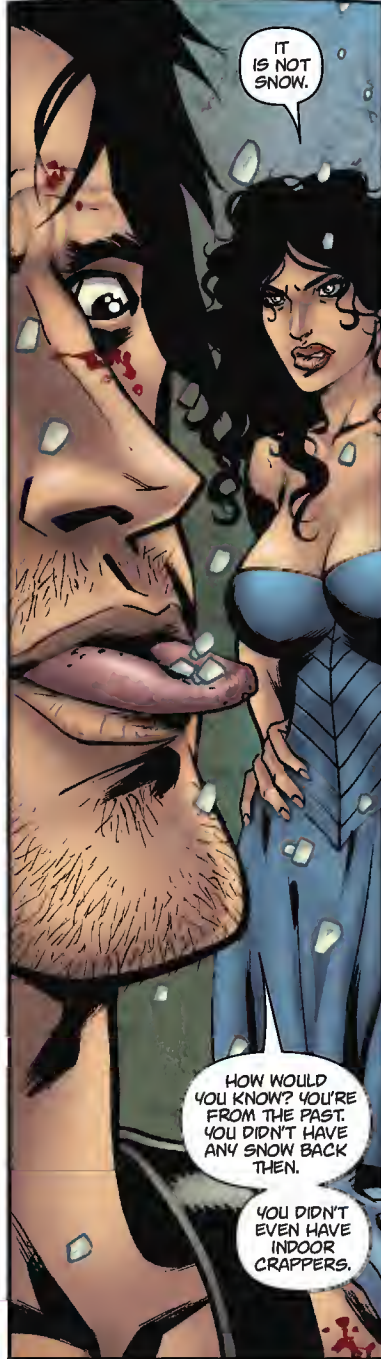
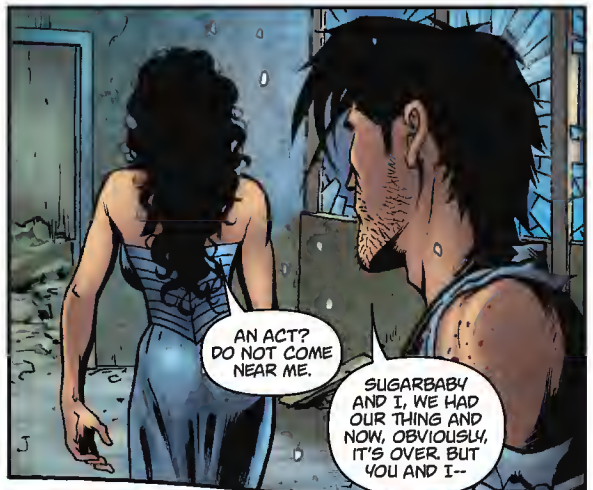
NOW IS NOT THE TIME FOR YOUR, ER, WOMANLY ISSUES.



"WOMANLY ISSUES?"

YEAH, SHEILA, WOMANLY ISSUES. YOU KNOW, LIKE A JEALOUSY TRIP.

BABY, I HAVE BEEN THROUGH MORE THAN HELL AND BACK. YOU LEFT ME FOR ANOTHER MAN, WHAT WAS I SUPPOSED TO DO?





YOUR ACTIONS AS THE "CHOSEN ONE" HAVE ONLY PROVED THE WORLD IS DOOMED.

YOUR VICTORY IS A HOLLOW ONE! THERE ARE PAGES OF THE BOOK YET TO BE WRITTEN!





ALRIGHT, BEAUTIFUL, NOW THAT MR. CHATTY IS GOING TO STIFLE AWHILE, LET'S SEE HOW I DID THIS TIME.

MAYBE THE EIGHTH OR NINTH TIME IS THE CHARM.



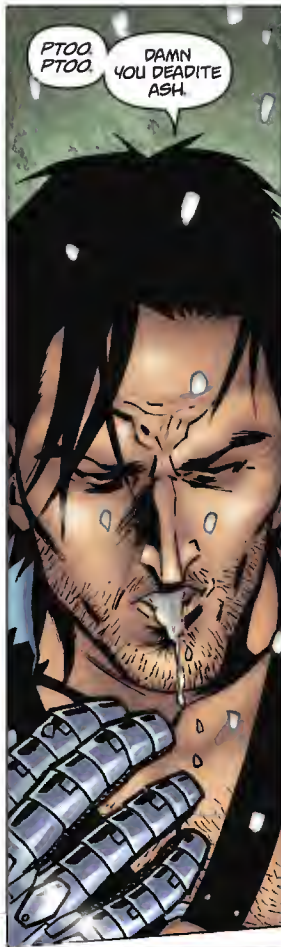
NO! I WON! I BEAT THEM. THE WORLD SHOULD BE BEAUTIFUL AGAIN.

I SHOULD BE LOOKING AT A CITY COVERED IN POLLUTION NOT DEADITE ASH!



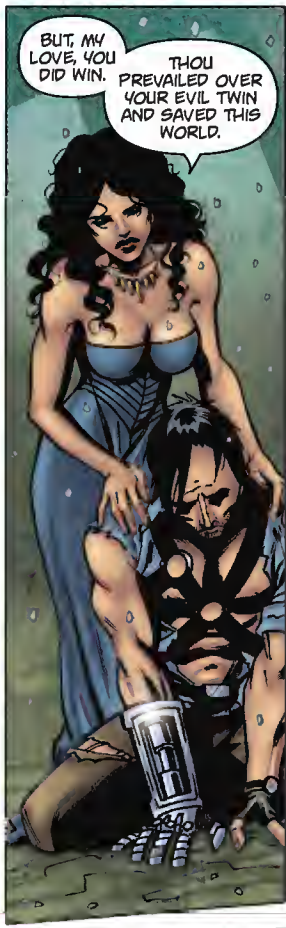
HOW ABOUT A RAINBOW? OR A NICE FLOCK OF DOVES RELEASED ON CUE AS I STEPPED ONTO THE BALCONY?

WOULD THAT BE TOO MUCH TO ASK FOR?!



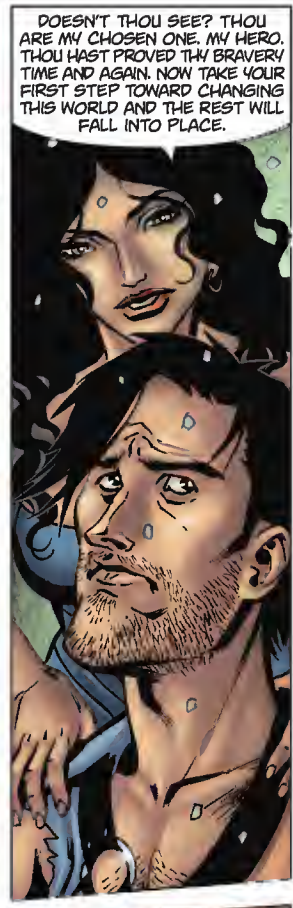
PTOO. PTOO.

DAMN YOU DEADITE ASH.

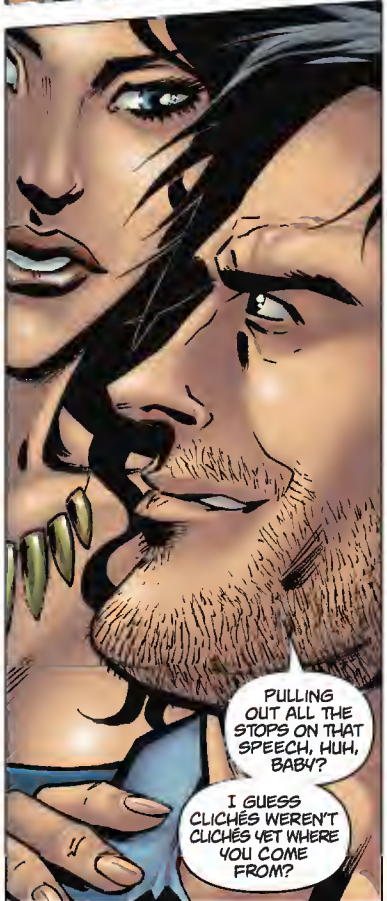


BUT, MY LOVE, YOU DID WIN.

THOU PREVAILED OVER YOUR EVIL TWIN AND SAVED THIS WORLD.

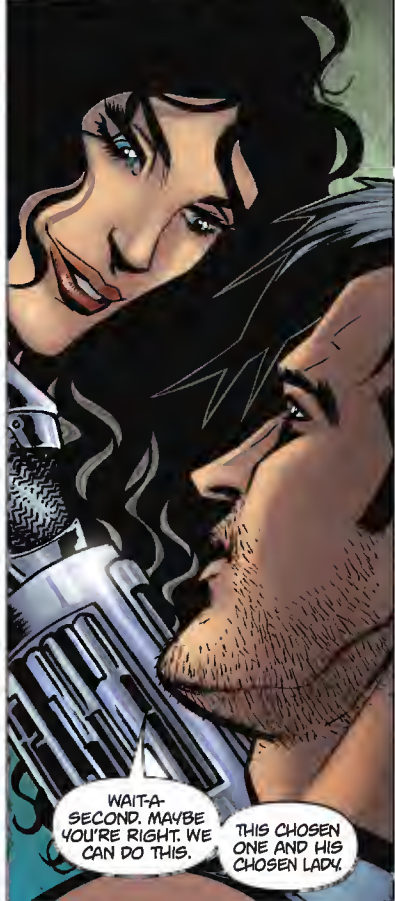


DOESN'T THOU SEE? THOU ARE MY CHOSEN ONE. MY HERO. THOU HAST PROVED THY BRAVERY TIME AND AGAIN. NOW TAKE YOUR FIRST STEP TOWARD CHANGING THIS WORLD AND THE REST WILL FALL INTO PLACE.



PULLING OUT ALL THE STOPS ON THAT SPEECH, HUH, BABY?

I GUESS CLICHÉS WEREN'T CLICHÉS YET WHERE YOU COME FROM?



WAIT-A-MINUTE. MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT. WE CAN DO THIS.

THIS CHOSEN ONE AND HIS CHOSEN LADY.



AND WITH EVIL ASH PRIME AND ALL HIS DEADITE FREAKS OUT OF THE PICTURE WHO'S LEFT TO STOP ME FROM FIXING THIS GOD FORSAKEN HELLHOLE?

TELL ME THAT! HA!



RISE!
RISE! THE
WORLD IS
OURS
AGAIN!



I
COMMAND
YOU ALL TO
AWAKEN!



AFTER A
MILLENNIA OF
SLUMBER OUR
TIME HAS
COME!



THE DAY OF THE DEADITES HAS COME AND GONE. MY GLORIOUS NECRONOMICON HAS HAD ITS WAY WITH HISTORY.



THIS WORLD IS RIPE FOR ITS TRUE DESTINY! THE FORETOLD DAY HAS ARRIVED!



SHACTARRR!

KARR!



HORRAR!





YESSSSS!



DO NOT
BE AFRAID MY
MINIONS. YOU ARE IN
THE PRESENCE OF
THE DARKEST OF
EVIL HOLINESS.

BOW
BUT DO NOT
COWER!

I HAVE
DELIVERED TO YOU
THE FOUR HORSEMAN,
RIDERS OF THE
APOCALYPSE!

"THE WHITE HORSE RIDDEN BY THE DAUGHTER OF SATAN HERSELF, THE ANTI-CHRIST."



"THE RED HORSE CARRYING THE MIGHTIEST OF OUR DEMON WARRIORS, WAR, FORGED IN THE HOTTEST PITS OF HELL."



"THE BLACK HORSE AND HIS RIDER, FAMINE, BRINGING DESOLATION AND PAIN TO EVERYONE AND EVERYTHING HE TOUCHES."

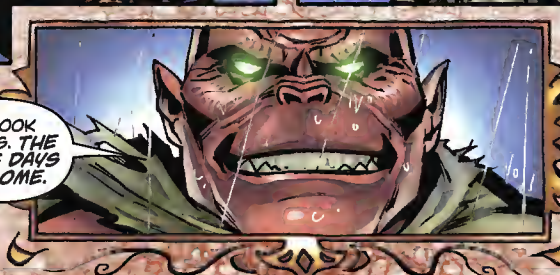


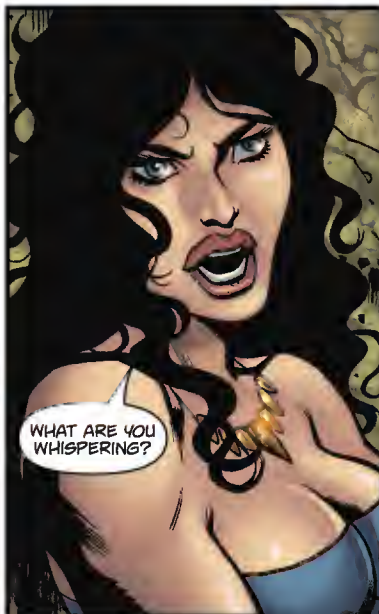
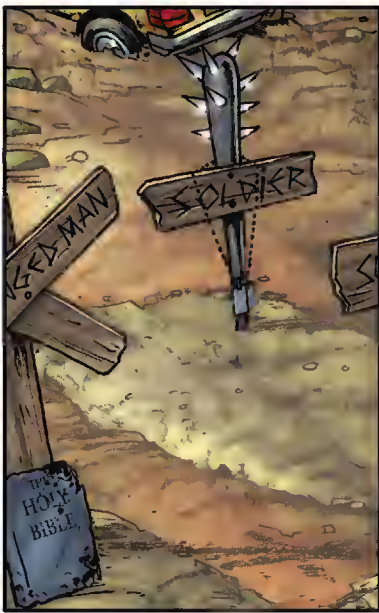
"AND FINALLY THE PALE HORSE. HIS RIDER'S NAME SAYS IT ALL. HE IS DEATH."



RISE, MY FAITHFUL WARRIORS, RISE. OUR MARCH BEGINS.

THE BOOK CALLS US. THE END OF DAYS HAS COME.







WHOEVER IS LISTENIN' UP THERE, I'VE NEVER BEEN ONE FOR LONG GOODBYES--



YOU ARE RIGHT, ASHLEY. I SHOULD PAY MY RESPECTS. EVEN IF THEY WERE WHORES, THEY HAD NO CHOICE.

THAT'S MORE LIKE IT.



NOW... WHERE WAS I.

I'M SORRY I LED YOU TO YOUR DEATHS.



BUT SOMETIMES THIS CHOSEN ONE MUMBO CHOOSES YOU WITHOUT ASKING.



BUT YOU CAME THROUGH, AND THAT IS SOMETHING YOU CAN'T PUT A PRICE ON.

SO THANK YOU ALL. I HOPE I CAN LIVE UP TO YOUR... YOU KNOW, DYING ON ACCOUNT OF ME AND ALL.



NOW I'M GONNA TALK ABOUT SOMEBODY WHO HASN'T COME THROUGH.

HEY, BIG FELLA UPSTAIRS! HOW ABOUT THROWING ME A BONE ONCE IN AWHILE?



HOW ABOUT NOT TELEPORTING ME TO SOME GODFORSAKEN PLACE TAKEN OVER BY DEADITES? OR MAYBE A PLACE WITHOUT DEAD SUPERHEROES RUNNING AROUND EATING EACH OTHER?

NEXT TIME LET'S SHOOT FOR A NICE ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC? OR SAY, JUST SOMEPLACE NOT OVERRUN BY HELLSPAWN? HUH?



BOOHOO HOO.

HUH?



YOU. I TOLD YOU TO SHUT IT.

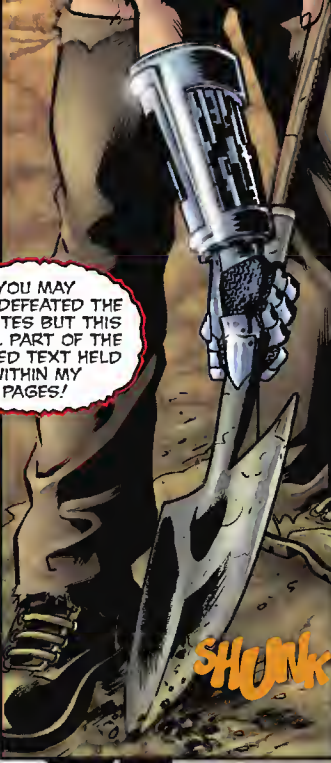
POOR CHOSEN ONE. HIS LIFE HAS BEEN ROUGH.




YOU HAVE NOT ENDURED A PORTION OF THE PAIN AND SUFFERING THAT IS COMING TO YOU.



AS USUAL MEAT, YOU HAVE NO IDEA OF THE RESULTS OF YOUR MISGUIDED DEEDS.



YOU MAY HAVE DEFEATED THE DEADITES BUT THIS IS ALL PART OF THE SACRED TEXT HELD WITHIN MY PAGES!



YOUR INCANTATION DESTROYED THE DEADITES BUT BROUGHT BACK SOMETHING TEN FOLD MORE HIDEOUS!

YOU ARE A TOOL FOR US! NOTHING MORE!

THE END OF DAYS HAS ARRIVED!

SHUNK



HEY, BLABBERBOOK. YOU LIKE TOOLS SO MUCH?



I JUST HAPPEN TO HAVE ONE FOR YOU.



OH, I'M SORRY, DID I INTERRUPT? PLEASE CONTINUE RANTING YOU PIECE OF--



ASHLEY--



"DID HE SAY THE END OF DAYS?"

MAYBE. SO WHAT? THIS THING HAS SAID A LOT OF THINGS.

DOES IT LOOK LIKE I'VE BEEN KEEPING TRACK?



WHILE MOST OF ITS GIBBERISH HAS BEEN HORRIBLE, ITS PROPHECIES HAVE COME TO PASS, HAVE THEY NOT?

NO... MAYBE... I DON'T KNOW, BABY. TALK SENSE!



THE END OF DAYS WAS A TALE THE PROPHETS TOLD IN MY TIME



"THEY WOULD TELL US OF THE COMING OF THE FOUR HORSEMEN AND THEIR ARMIES OF HELL.

"THE FIENDS WOULD COME AND CREATE A HELL ON EARTH. KILLING OR ENSLAVING ALL THOSE IN THEIR PATH.

"THE EARTH WOULD BE A PLACE OF PAIN AND SUFFERING. NONE WOULD ESCAPE THE HORSEMEN'S WRATH."

WHATEVER

YOU OF ALL PEOPLE WOULD DOUBT THE PROPHETS FROM MY TIME?

NOPE. NOT ONE BIT.

I JUST WONDER HOW MUCH WORSE THINGS CAN GET THAN ALREADY SITTY IN A LITTLE PLACE I LIKE TO CALL--

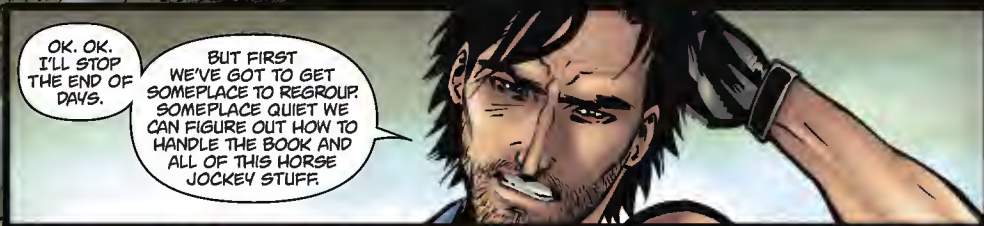
--HELL ON EARTH?





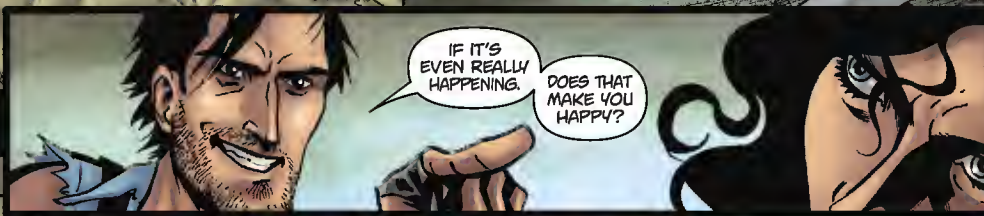
IDIOT!

OUCH.
CUT IT
OUT.



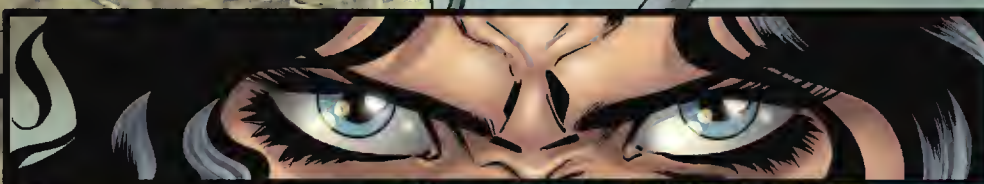
OK. OK.
I'LL STOP
THE END OF
DAYS.

BUT FIRST
WE'VE GOT TO GET
SOMEPLACE TO REGROUP.
SOMEPLACE QUIET WE
CAN FIGURE OUT HOW TO
HANDLE THE BOOK AND
ALL OF THIS HORSE
JOCKEY STUFF.

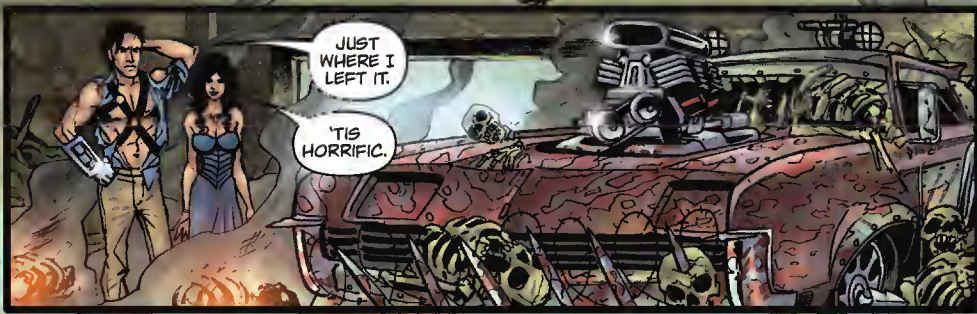


IF IT'S
EVEN REALLY
HAPPENING.

DOES THAT
MAKE YOU
HAPPY?



OK THEN
NOW WHERE
DID I LEAVE
MY CAR?



JUST WHERE I LEFT IT.

'TIS HORRIFIC.

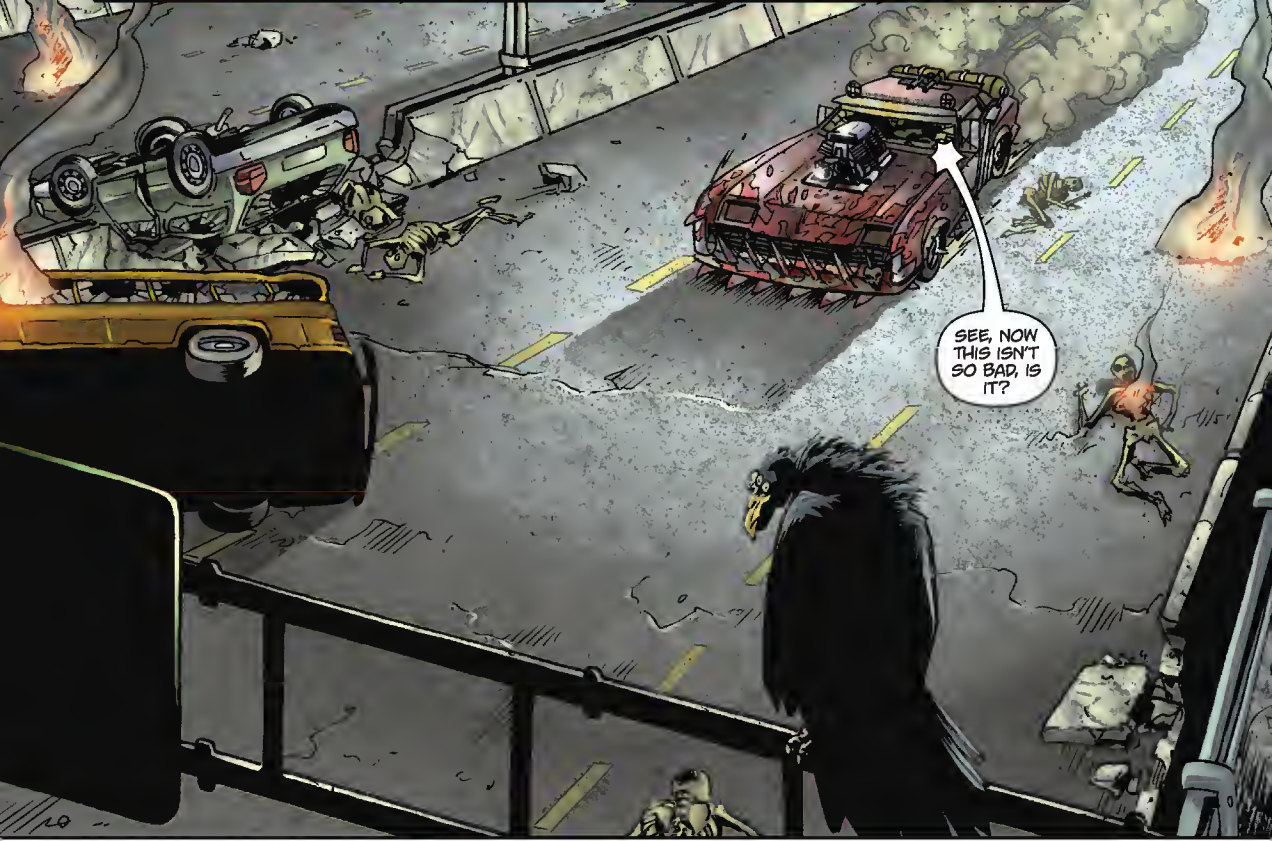


HEY, DON'T KNOCK A MAN'S WHEELS. EVER. YOU UNDERSTAND?

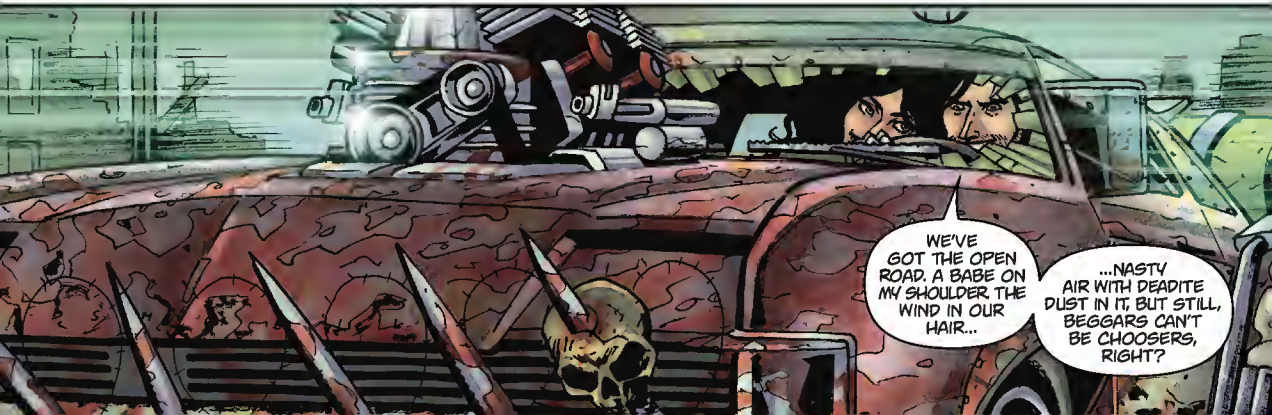
NO, I--



GOOD. THEN LET'S CLEAN THIS OFF AND HIT THE ROAD.



SEE, NOW THIS ISN'T SO BAD, IS IT?



WE'VE GOT THE OPEN ROAD. A BABE ON MY SHOULDER THE WIND IN OUR HAIR...

...NASTY AIR WITH DEADITE DUST IN IT, BUT STILL, BEGGARS CAN'T BE CHOOSERS, RIGHT?



WHAT'S THAT?



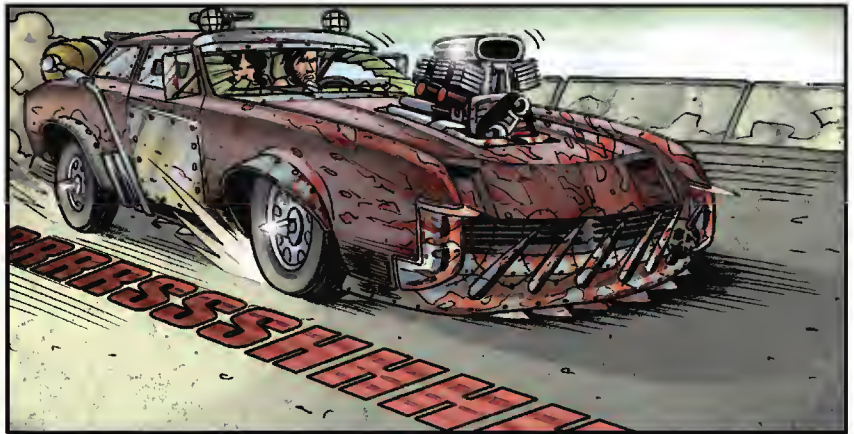
JUST SOME LOCALS ENGAGING IN SOME FUTURISTIC TOM-FOOLERY.

WE'VE GOT BIGGER FISH TO FRY, RIGHT?



YOU CAN NOT MEAN TO LEAVE THEM BEHIND? THOSE POOR GIRLS ARE BEING RAVAGED!

ALL RIGHT, THAT'S IT.



WHICH IS IT?

STOP THIS END OF DAYS STUFF--



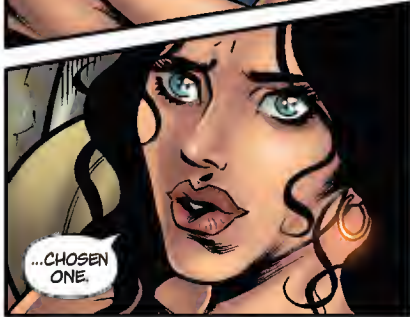
--OR SAVE SOME GIRLS FROM MUTANT HIGHWAY BANDITS?

I'M JUST ONE MAN...AT LEAST, CURRENTLY.

I HOPE.



I WANT YOU TO DO BOTH...



...CHOSEN ONE.



LITTLE LADY--

THINK

--YOU KNOW JUST THE RIGHT THING TO SAY TO A FELLA, DON'T YA?



NOW, MAKE SURE YOUR SEAT BELT IS NICE AND TIGHT. I'M ABOUT TO UNLEASH SOME CHOSEN ONE JUSTICE ON THESE FREAKS--

--WITH A LITTLE FRIEND I LIKE TO CALL BOOM STICK.

TO BE CONTINUED!

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At a time of evil.
When the world needed a hero.
What it got was him.

As Ash continues on "The Long Road Home" our unlucky hero has made the fateful decision to continue in his "Chosen One" duties, not knowing that hell has literally been unleashed on earth and he's about to face the baddest of the bad, the evilest of the evil... the Four Horseman of the Apocalypse!



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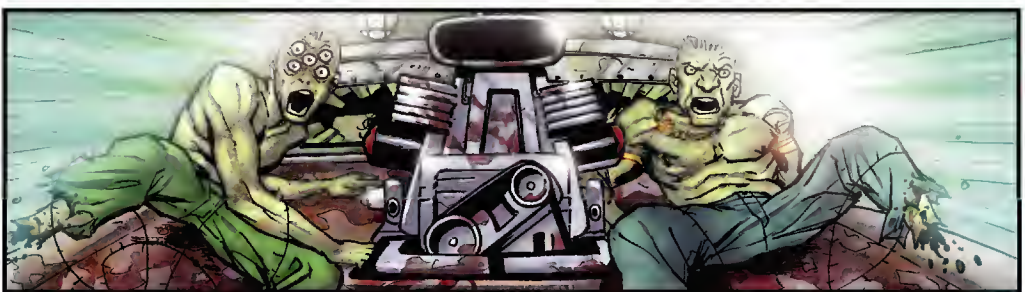
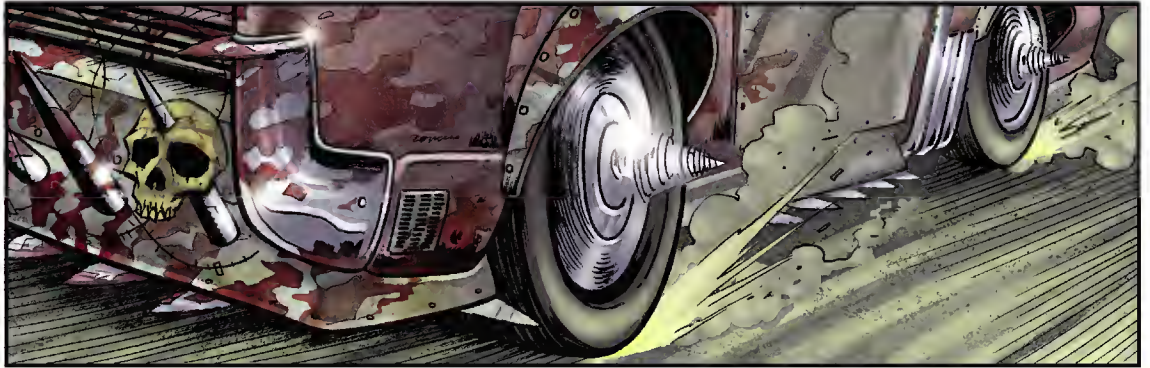


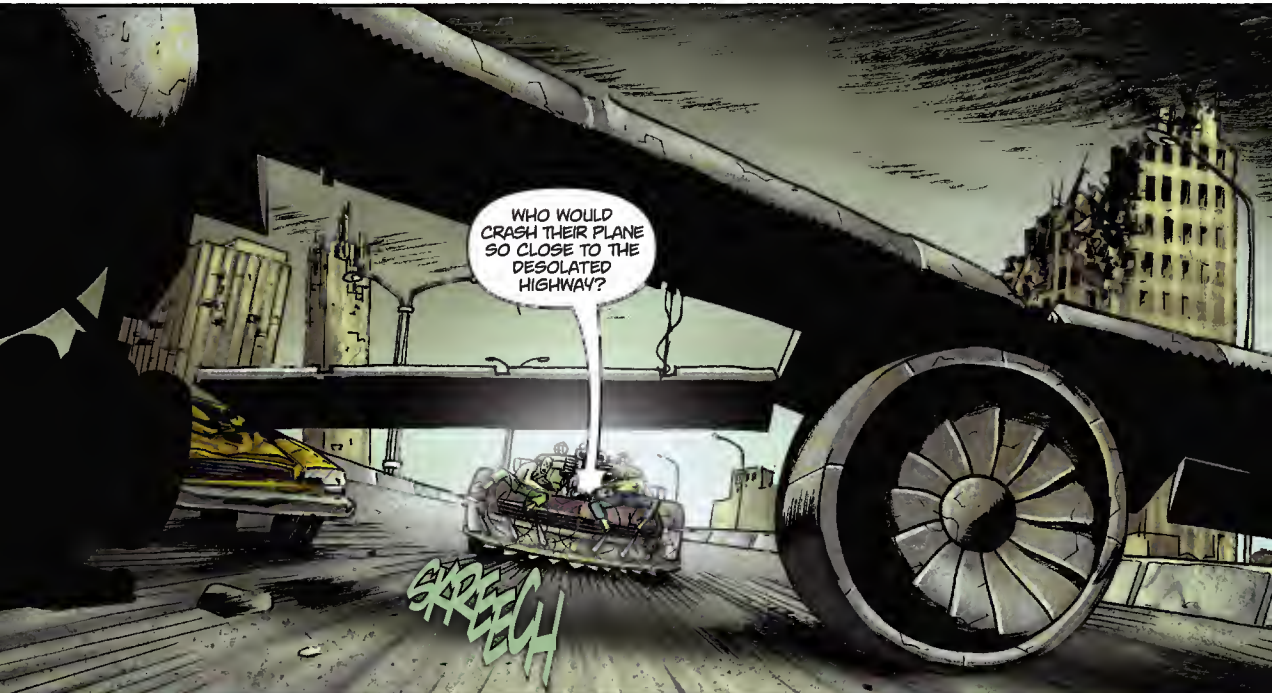
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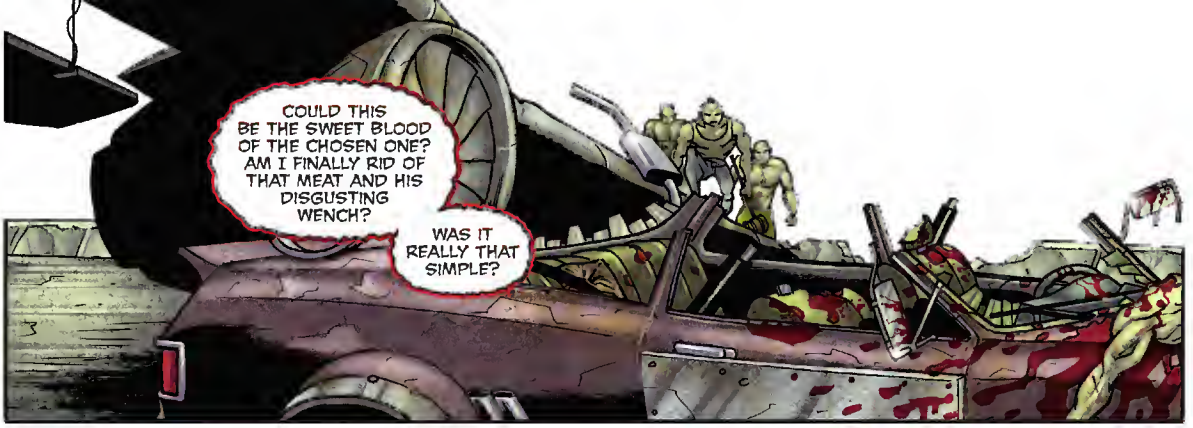


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COULD THIS BE THE SWEET BLOOD OF THE CHOSEN ONE? AM I FINALLY RID OF THAT MEAT AND HIS DISGUSTING WENCH?

WAS IT REALLY THAT SIMPLE?



I HAVE DREAMT OF BATHING MY PAGES IN HIS BLOOD AND IT HAS COME TO PASS.

HAS THE RIGHTEOUS ORDER OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION FINALLY BEEN RESTORED TO HORRIFIC HARMONY?



NOT DEAD YET I HOPE YOUR PAGES STICK TOGETHER YOU DESPICABLE, DOLLAR BIN, TRASHY--

ASHLEY!



WHAT SHEILA? JUST SPIT IT OUT!

I'M TIRED OF GUESSING WHAT'S COMING NEXT.



DUCK!





ANYONE ELSE WANT A TASTE?



RAAHHH!

HEY! WHOA! ONE AT A TIME!

USUALLY AT LEAST SOMEONE RUNS! I FIGURED ONE OF YOU WOULD!



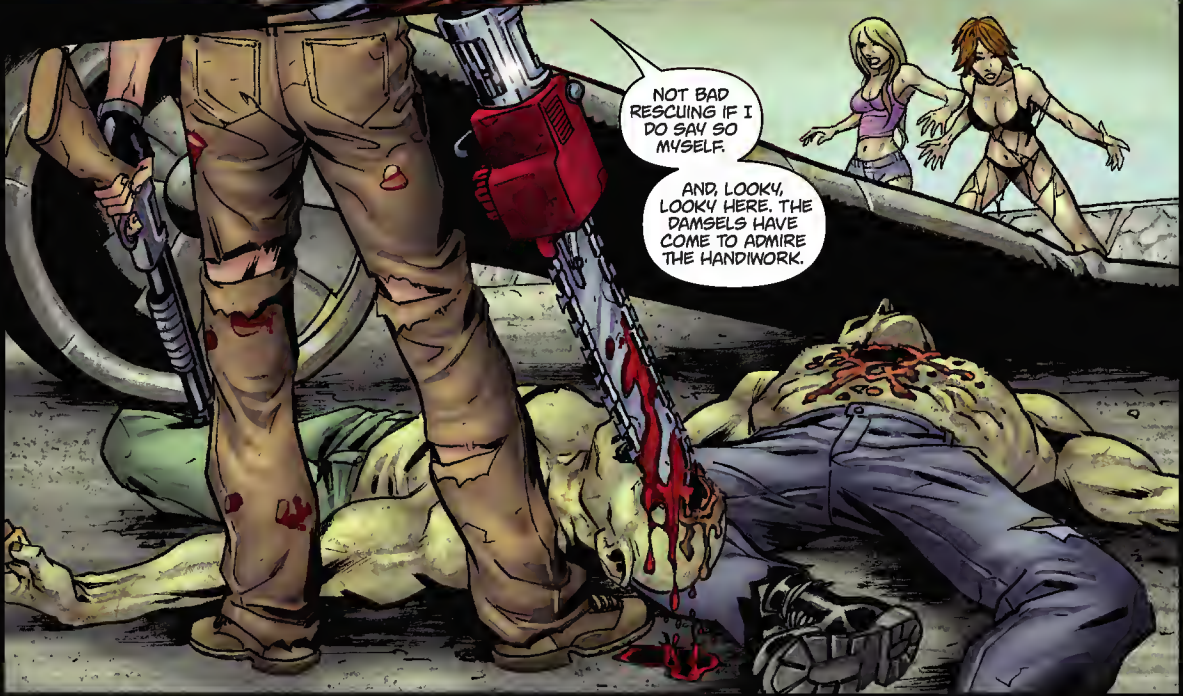
SHEILA?

THY BOOM STICK!



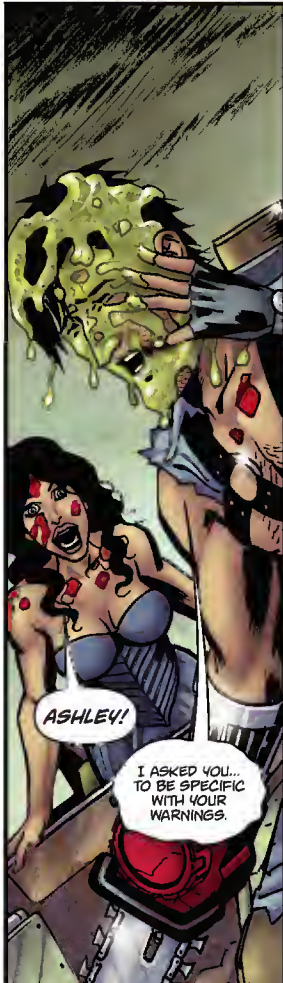
SOMETIMES THE WENCH GETS IT JUST RIGHT.

BOOM BOOM



NOT BAD RESCUING IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF.

AND, LOOKY, LOOKY HERE. THE DAMSELS HAVE COME TO ADMIRE THE HANDWORK.





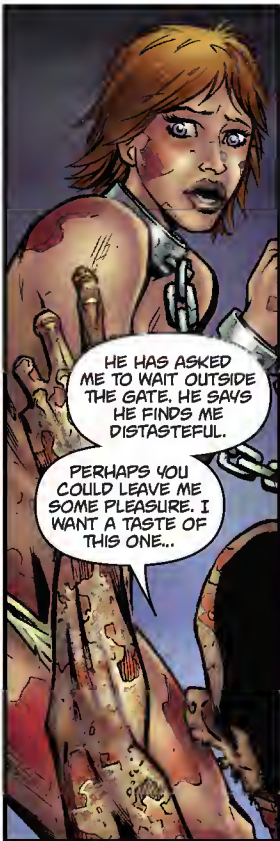
MOVE FORWARD YOU DOGS!



AH, WAR SUCH BEAUTIFUL FLESH YOU HAVE BROUGHT US ALL.

SO MUCH RAW MEAT FOR ME TO ROT.

THE DEMON AWAITS YOUR RETURN...ALONG WITH THE BITCH AND THE DEMON'S HOODED PROTECTOR.



HE HAS ASKED ME TO WAIT OUTSIDE THE GATE. HE SAYS HE FINDS ME DISTASTEFUL.

PERHAPS YOU COULD LEAVE ME SOME PLEASURE. I WANT A TASTE OF THIS ONE...



DO NOT TOUCH THE SLAVES. THESE ARE A GIFT FOR THE DEMON, PESTILENCE.



WHAT MATTERS ONE SWEET PIECE OF ROTTED MEAT WHEN WE HAVE MILLIONS TO TORTURE?

IF YOU WISH TO ROT MORE HUMANS PERHAPS YOU SHOULD GATHER THEM YOURSELF.

THE THIRD TIME I REPEAT MYSELF WILL BE THE LAST, WRETCH.

OF COURSE.



I WILL WAIT HERE UNTIL I AM NEEDED.

BASTARD.



NOW WHERE WERE WE?

NO... PLEASE...

AH, YES. SO PRETTY.



AAHHKKK!

MY TOUCH IS A FAR GENTLER FATE THAN THE ONE MEANT FOR YOU, MY DEAR.

EMBRACE IT.





SPLORK

THE FIRST THING I DO IS REMOVE THE TONGUES.

THEN I SEAL UP THE MOUTH. I LIKE TO HEAR THEM MOAN IN AGONY...BUT THE SCREAMING CAN BE A BIT TIRESOME.



BESIDES MOST OF THE TERROR IS IN THE EYES. WHEN A FLESH BAG IS TERRIFIED YOU CAN SEE ALMOST DIRECTLY INTO THEIR SOUL.



WAR HAS RETURNED WITH FRESH MEAT. OH JOY. MORE TORTURING.



I AM LOSING INTEREST IN THIS PLANE, DEMON. WHY DID YOU SUMMON US?



PATIENCE, SATAN'S DAUGHTER...



OR PERHAPS I SHOULD REMOVE YOUR TONGUE AS WELL?

YOU DARE THREATEN ME WITH--?



EVEN SATAN'S DAUGHTER IS AFRAID OF THE LIFE TAKER, ISN'T SHE?



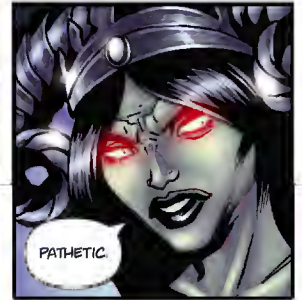
YOU NEED TO REMAIN SERENE. YOU HAVE ALL BEEN BROUGHT HERE FOR A PURPOSE. WAR IS JUST DOING AS I ASKED HIM.

AS YOU ALL WILL WHEN I CALL UPON YOU.

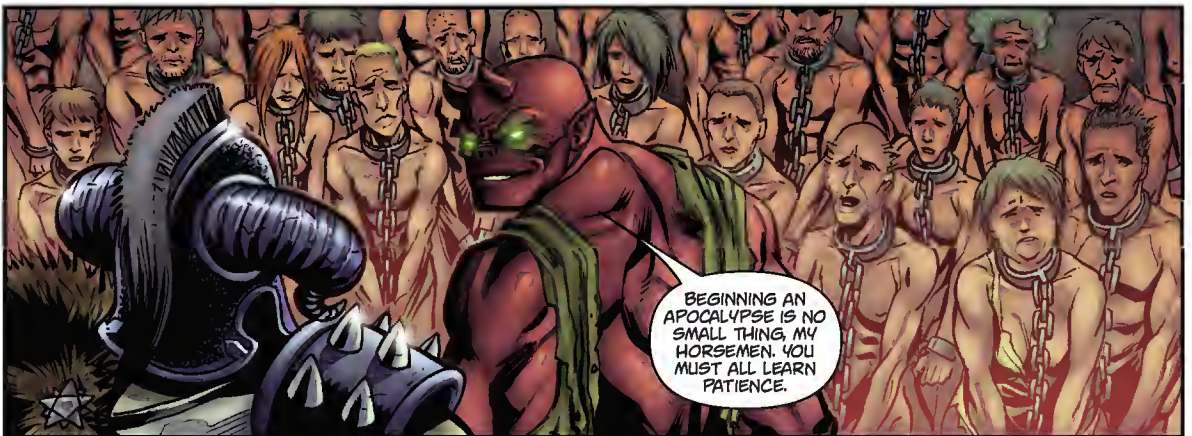


WAR, THIS IS A FINE BATCH OF FLESH YOU HAVE BROUGHT ME.

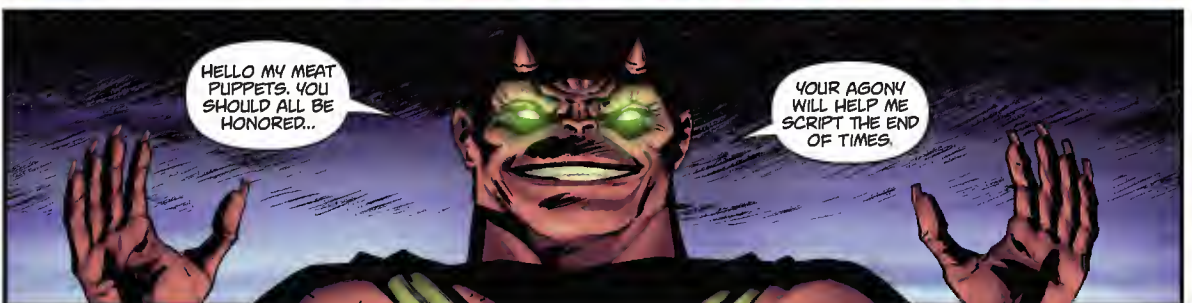
I LIVE TO SERVE THE END OF ALL.



PATHETIC

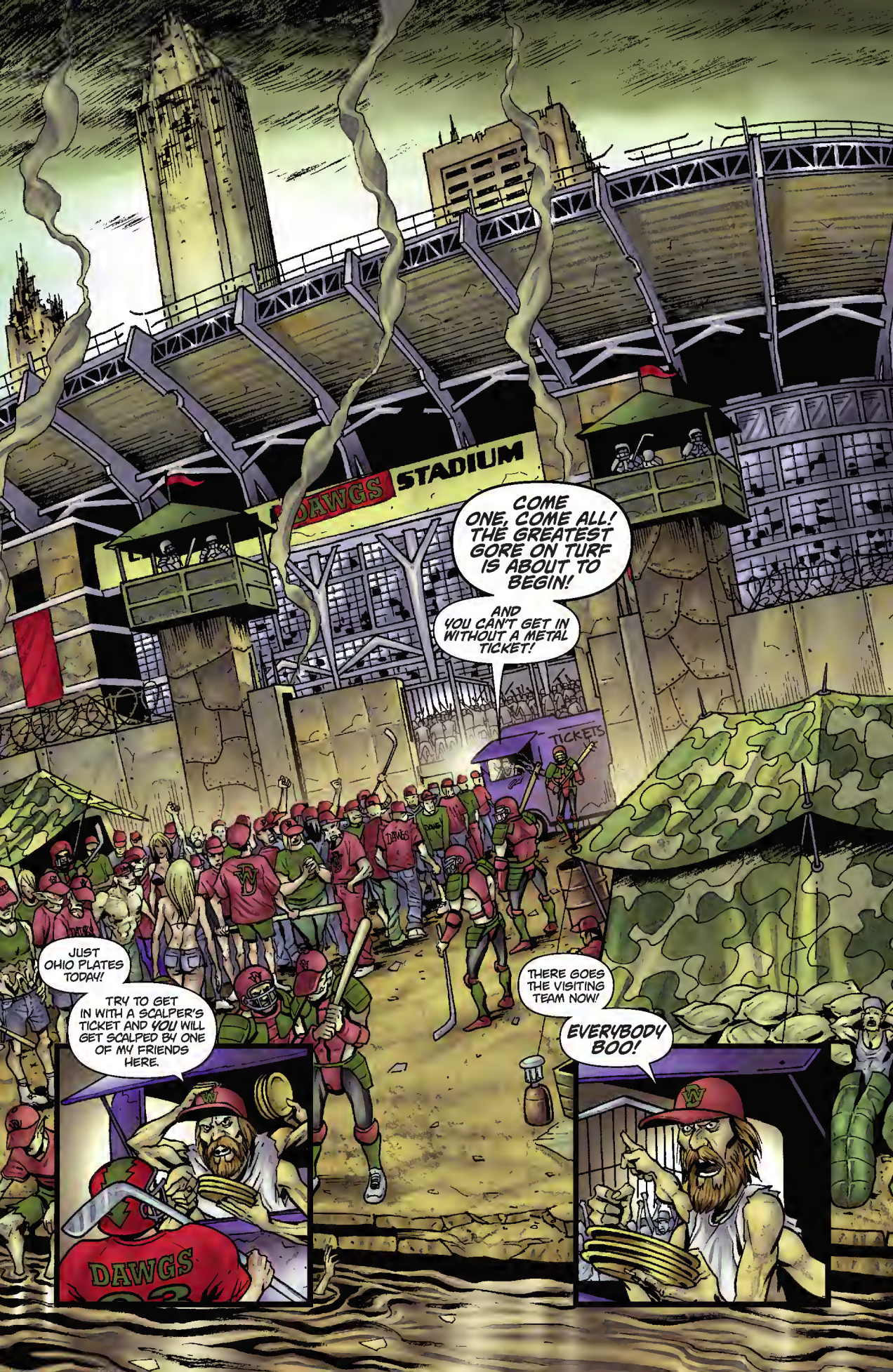


BEGINNING AN APOCALYPSE IS NO SMALL THING, MY HORSEMEN. YOU MUST ALL LEARN PATIENCE.



HELLO MY MEAT PUPPETS. YOU SHOULD ALL BE HONORED...

YOUR AGONY WILL HELP ME SCRIPT THE END OF TIMES.



COME ONE, COME ALL!
THE GREATEST
GORE ON TURF
IS ABOUT TO
BEGIN!

AND
YOU CAN'T GET IN
WITHOUT A METAL
TICKET!

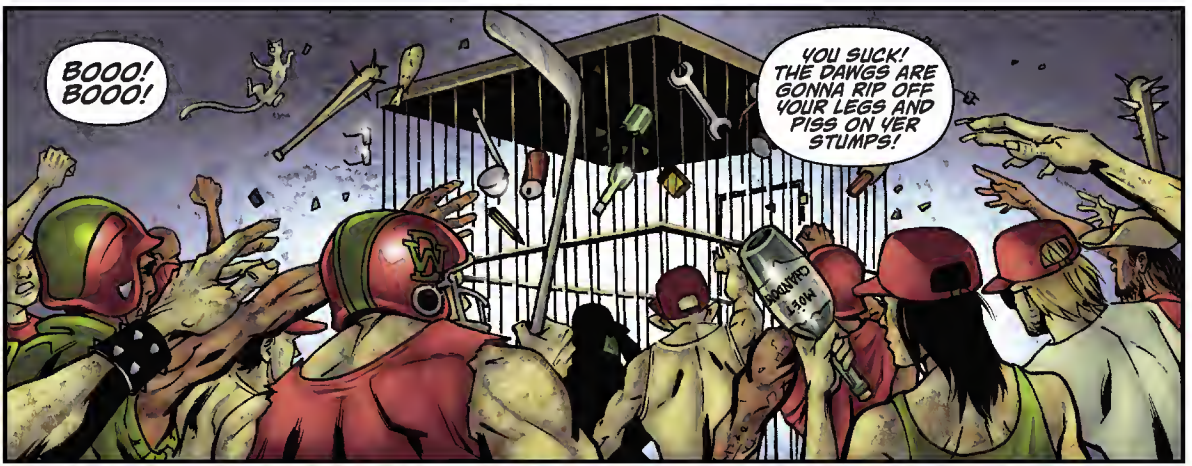
JUST
OHIO PLATES
TODAY!

TRY TO GET
IN WITH A SCALPER'S
TICKET AND YOU WILL
GET SCALPED BY ONE
OF MY FRIENDS
HERE.

THERE GOES
THE VISITING
TEAM NOW!

EVERYBODY
BOO!







NO LEASH LAW IN THIS PLACE, IS THERE?

NO, SIR. I'M AWFULLY SORRY ABOUT THAT.

BALLS DIDN'T MEAN TO GET IN YOUR FACE LIKE THAT.



DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT KID. IT'S NOT THE WORST THING I'VE HAD IN MY MOUTH TODAY.

DEADITE ASH. PUKE BALLS! DOG URINE. IT'S BEEN A BIT OF A BEAR.



HOLD ON A MINUTE. WHERE'S SHEILA? AND MY HAND? AND THE BOOK?

I DON'T KNOW WHO SHEILA IS OR ANYTHING ABOUT A BOOK. AND YOUR HAND WAS MISSING WHEN YOU WERE LOADED INTO THE CAGE.

WELL DOESN'T THAT JUST SUCK--



--OOF.



ALL RIGHT, WHO'S THE JOKER?



WHAT THE HELL?

TREMBLE THE ALL YOURS ENTER HERE THE DAWG'S GONNA GETCHA



TREMBLE THE ALL YOURS ENTER HERE THE DAWG'S GONNA GETCHA

NICE GRAMMAR. WHERE ARE WE, KID?

NAME'S WIKKIE.

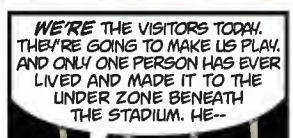
AND THIS IS CLEVELAND DAWGS STADIUM. WE'RE IN THE HEART OF DAWG TOWN.

THE DAWG SOLDIERS PLAY HERE. THEY ARE UNDEFEATED. THE VISITORS NEVER WIN.



I LISTEN TO ALL OF THEIR GAMES ON DAWG RADIO. BOSS MAN IS THEIR ANNOUNCER AND OWNER. BOSS MAN OWNS EVERYTHING.

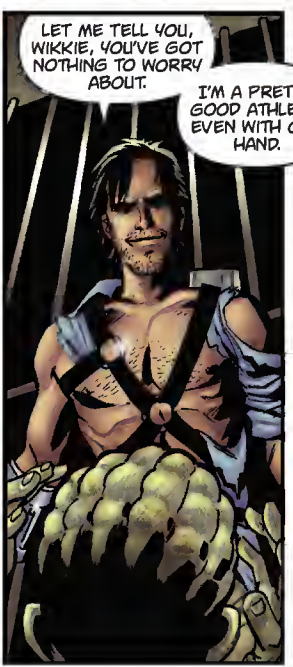
HE OWNS EVERYTHING IN DAWG TOWN.



WE'RE THE VISITORS TODAY. THEY'RE GOING TO MAKE US PLAY. AND ONLY ONE PERSON HAS EVER LIVED AND MADE IT TO THE UNDER ZONE BENEATH THE STADIUM. HE--

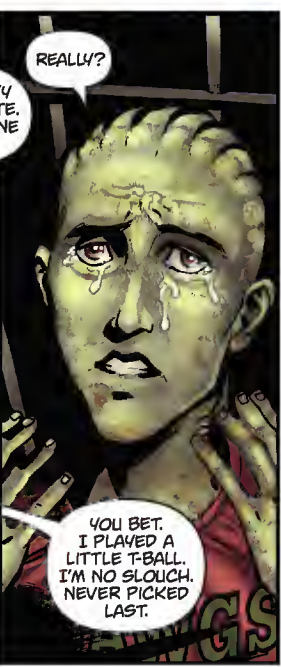


NOW HOLD ON NANCY NEGATIVE. CUT THAT OUT! TEARS ARE FOR LOSERS.



LET ME TELL YOU, WIKKIE, YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.

I'M A PRETTY GOOD ATHLETE. EVEN WITH ONE HAND.



REALLY?

YOU BET. I PLAYED A LITTLE T-BALL. I'M NO SLOUCH. NEVER PICKED LAST.



OUR TEAMMATES.



OUCH. NO WONDER WE STINK. DO WE GET ANY PRACTICE TIME?

NO. MOST TIMES THEY JUST DUMP THE VISITORS IN THE STADIUM.



SO WHAT'S THE GAME? A LITTLE HOOPS? MAYBE SOME BASEBALL? SOME FOOTBALL ON THE FROZEN TUNDRA?



ONCE WE GET WHEELED OUT INTO THE DEAD END ZONE WE GET A FEW SECONDS TO RUN AROUND AND LOOK FOR COVER.



DEAD END ZONE? THAT SOUNDS BAD.

THEN WE FACE OFF AGAINST THE BOSS MAN'S DAWG SOLDIERS. THEY'LL KILL US ONE AT A TIME. PEOPLE IN THE STANDS SOMETIMES BRING SHARP THINGS TO THROW AT US. IT'S ENCOURAGED.

THAT SOUNDS BAD, TOO.



IF YOU'RE SUCH A FAN WHY ARE YOU IN THIS DAMN CAGE?

MY DAD GOT SEASON TICKETS FOR NEXT YEAR.

AND?



WELCOME ONE!
WELCOME ALL!

BIG BOSS MAN
HAS BROUGHT YOU
ANOTHER CONTEST
BETWEEN...

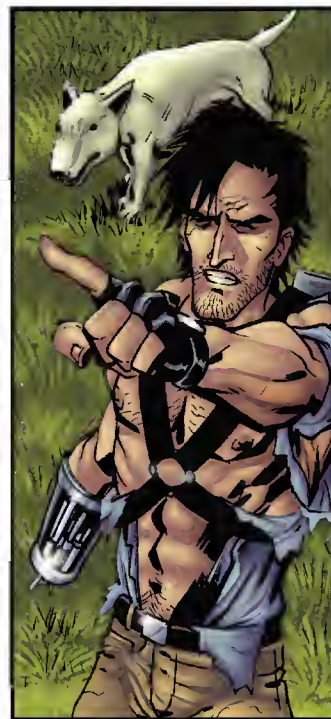
THE
CLEVELAND
DAWGS...

YAY! GO
DAWGS!



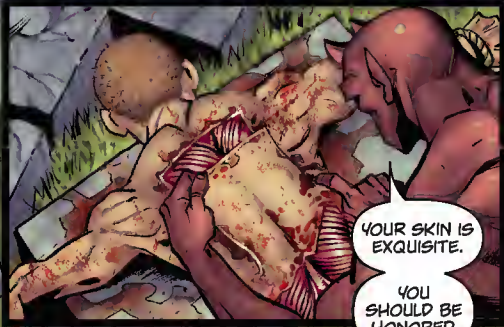
...AND
THE NO GOOD
ROTTEN...
VISITORS!

BOOOOOOOOO!





AUUUGGHH!



YOUR SKIN IS EXQUISITE.
YOU SHOULD BE HONORED.



IT WILL MAKE UP THE PAGES OF THE BOOK OF THE APOCALYPSE.



AND YOUR BLOOD..



...WILL WRITE THIS PAGE?

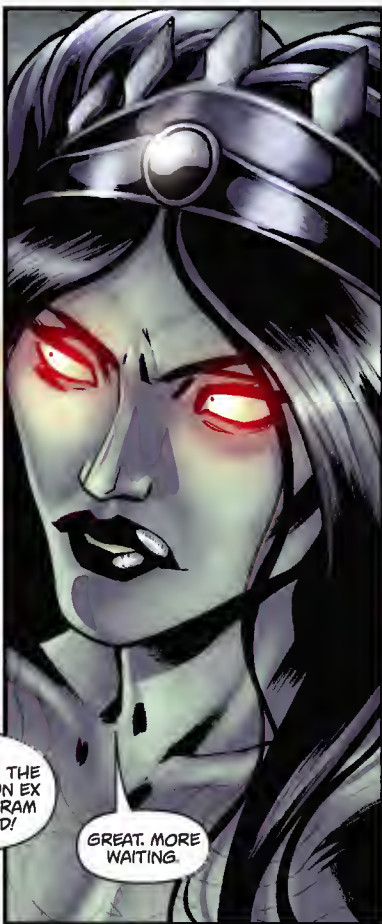


IS YOUR PRECIOUS BOOK NOT GIVING YOU THE ANSWERS YOU DESIRE, DEMON?

THE EXACT OPPOSITE. A BLANK PAGE MEANS THE BOOK MUST BE DONE.

REJOICE. OUR ROLES IN THE APOCALYPSE ARE CONTAINED WITHIN! THE WAY OF THE END WILL BE REVEALED!

NOW I MUST STUDY THE NECRONOMICON EX LIBRIS...MY LIBRAM OF THE DEAD!



GREAT. MORE WAITING.



IF YOU ARE BORED MY DEAR YOU AND YOUR FELLOW HORSEMEN CAN FEEL FREE TO HAVE YOUR WAY WITH THE REMAINING CATTLE.

PERHAPS THAT WILL KEEP YOU BUSY WHILE I STUDY OUR SACRED TOME?



THANK YOU, DEMON. YOU KNOW HOW TO KEEP A DEMONIC GIRL AND HER MONSTROUS FRIENDS HAPPY.



THE SOLDIER DAWGS



Lost Vegas over-under--all dead in less than five minutes. Even money.

THE VISITORS



WE'RE LACKING TEAM SPIRIT, DON'T YA THINK?

WE'RE GOING TO GET MURDERED. WHAT DO YOU EXPECT?

MAYBE A LITTLE PRIDE, WIKKIE.

DAWGS



UH... TEAM, WE NEED TO GET TOGETHER TO PLAY AS ONE UNIT.



THERE IS NO "I" IN TEAM.



WE CAN WIN IF WE JUST KEEP OUR EYE ON THE PRIZE.

WE'RE WITH YOU STRANGER!

TOGETHER WE MIGHT HAVE A CHANCE!



THAT WAS GREAT. WHAT'S OUR STRATEGY?

THAT'S SIMPLE. AS SOON AS WE GET OUR HELMETS AND COMPLETELY BARBARIC WEAPONS WE'LL BE SET TO GO.

THEN YOU ALL JUST PICK UP THE SCRAPS FROM MY MASSIVE AMOUNT OF ASS KICKERY.

DAWGS



DYNAMITE
7

ARMY OF DARKNESS™

THE LONG ROAD HOME



FABIANO '07

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THE LONG ROAD HOME



2008

ARMY OF DARKNESS™

THE LONG ROAD HOME

In an age of darkness.
At a time of evil.
When the world needed a hero.
What it got was him.

As Ash continues on "The Long Road Home" our unlucky hero has made the fateful decision to continue in his "Chosen One" duties, not knowing that hell has literally been unleashed on earth and he's about to face the baddest of the bad, the evilest of the evil... the Four Horseman of the Apocalypse!



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FABIANO NEVES



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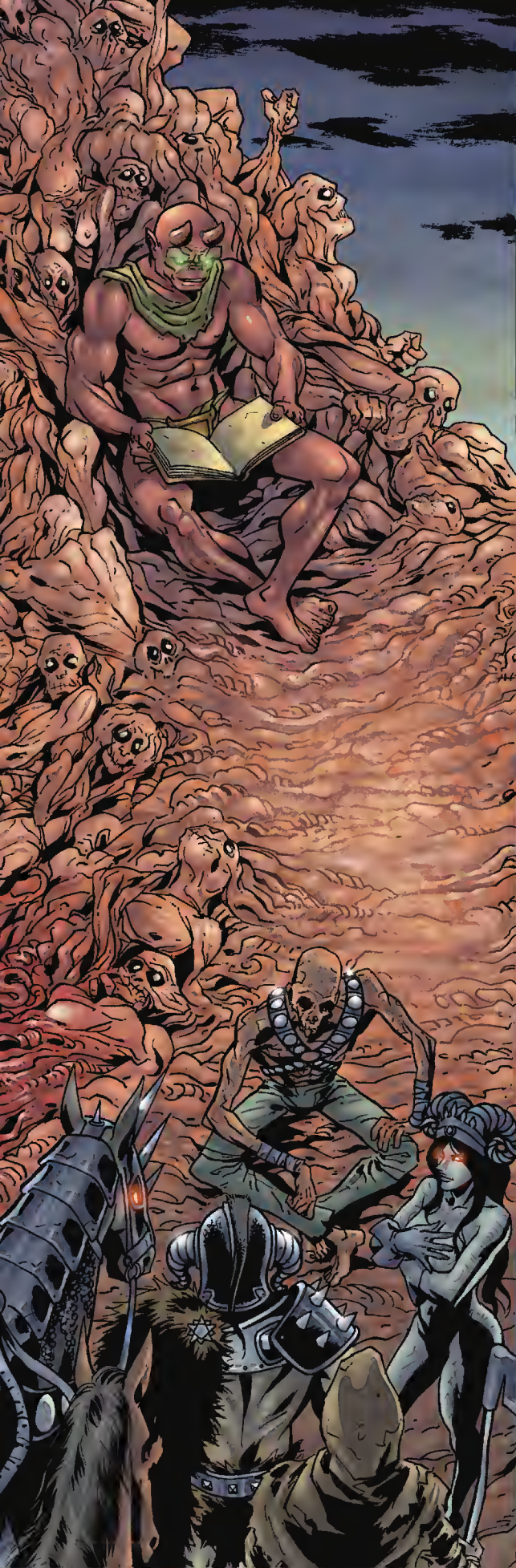


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COME, MY HORSEMEN! I KNOW WHAT MUST BE DONE TO DELIVER US UNTO THE END OF DAYS!



THE CHOSEN ONE LIVES...

...AND HIS BLOOD MUST BE USED TO WRITE THE FINAL PAGE OF NECRONOMICON EX LIBRIS. IT WILL BE THE LAST PAGE IN THE BOOK OF MAN AND THE FIRST IN THE RULE IN THE HELL ON EARTH.

CLEVELAND DAWGS STADIUM:

DON'T BLOW IT BOYS! IF OUR WINNING STREAK ENDS YOU'LL ALL BE FIRED AND SERVED TO THE FANS!

GEESH. THIS BIG BOSS MAN SURE KNOWS HOW TO MOTIVATE HIS TEAM, HUH?

AT WHAT POINT DOES THIS BECOME MORE SPORTISH?

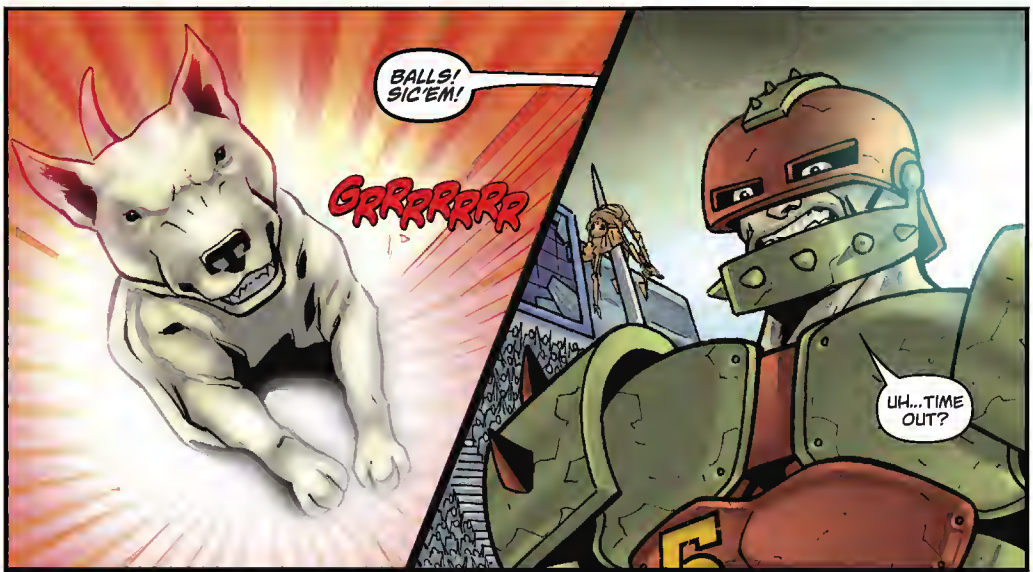
SHUNK

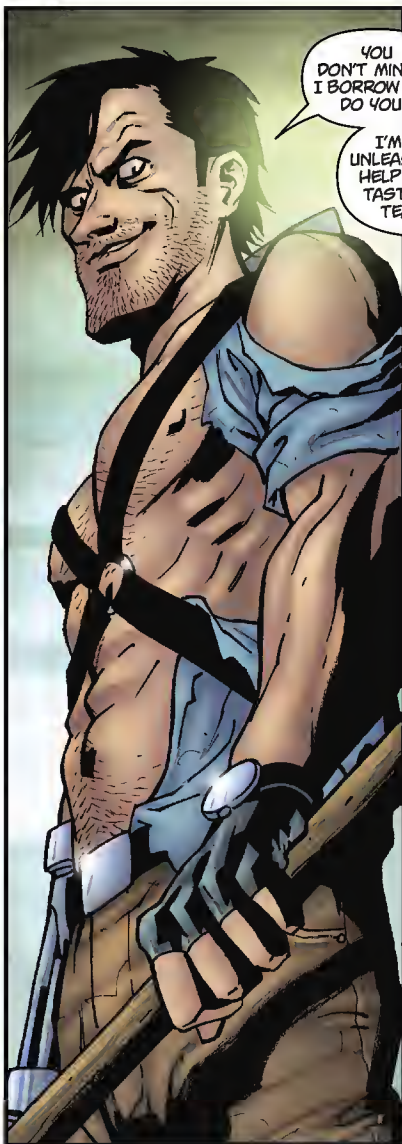
EVEN IN THUNDERDOPE THEY GAVE YOU WEAPONS AND A BUNGEE RIDE.

WHAT'S THE PLAN, ASH?

PLAN, WIKKIE? HOW ABOUT "DON'T DIE"? I USUALLY JUST KIND OF WIN.

CHOSEN ONE BY-LAW, I GUESS.





YOU DON'T MIND IF I BORROW THIS DO YOU?

I'M ABOUT TO UNLEASH A FULL ON HELPING OF ASH-TASTIC ON YOUR TEAMMATES.



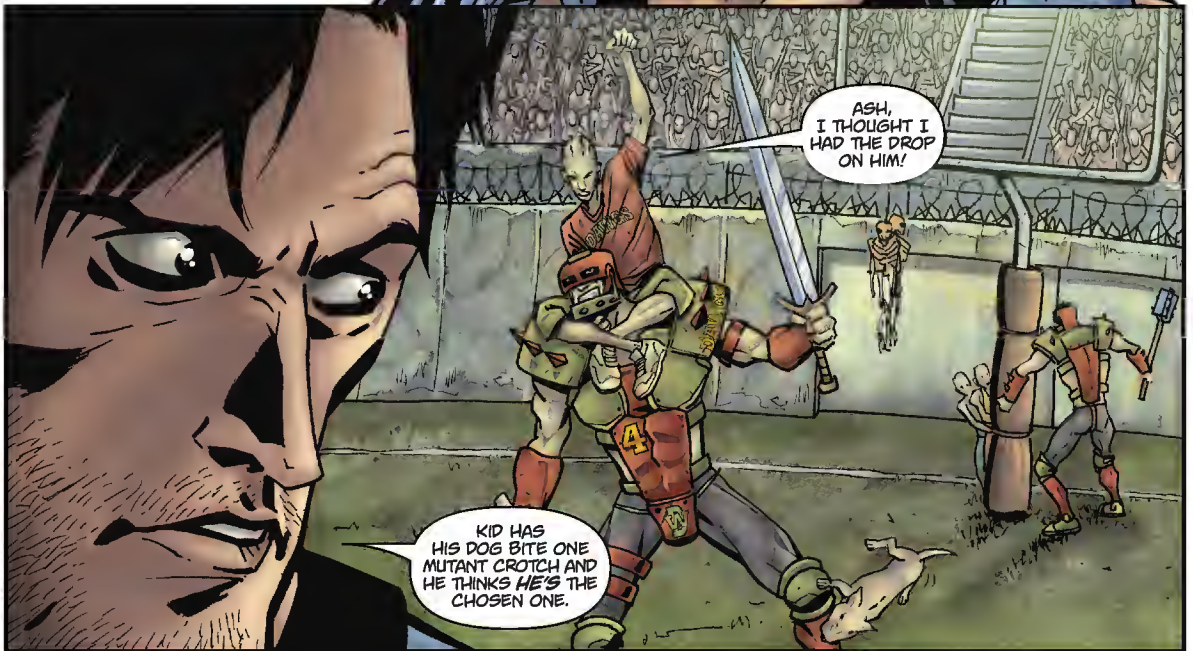
IT'S... TIME... TO... UGH...

COME ON... THIS IS... UH... BIT... HEAVY.



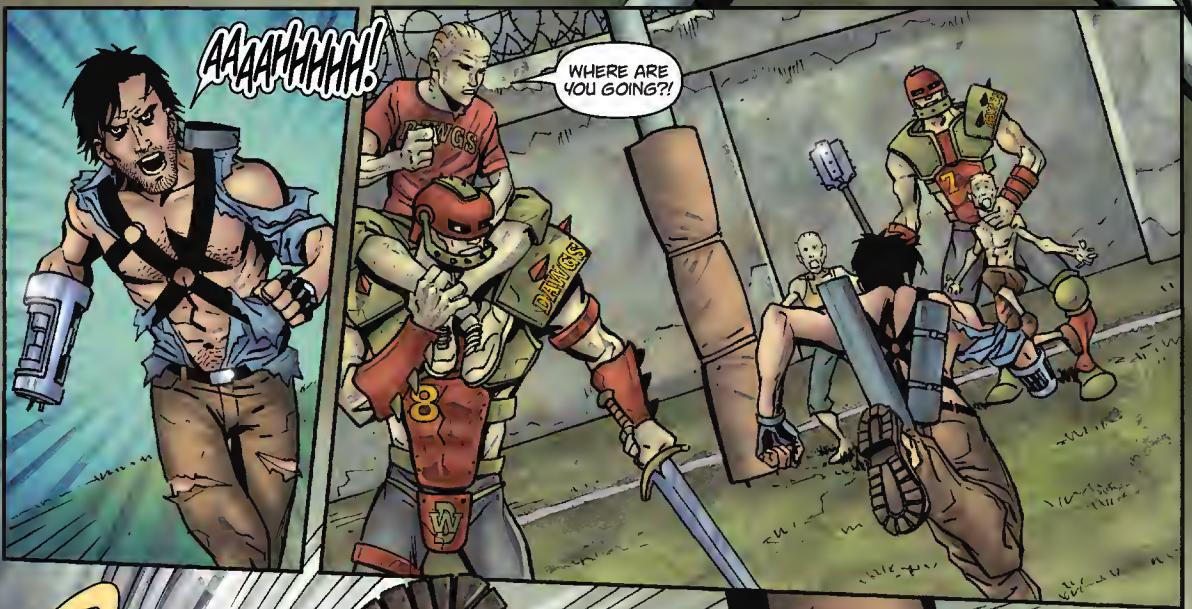
A LITTLE HELP IF I COULD GET THIS MONGOLOID AXE OUT OF THE GROUND, MAYBE I COULD TURN THE TIDE.

ASH!



ASH, I THOUGHT I HAD THE DROP ON HIM!

KID HAS HIS DOG BITE ONE MUTANT CROTCH AND HE THINKS HE'S THE CHOSEN ONE.





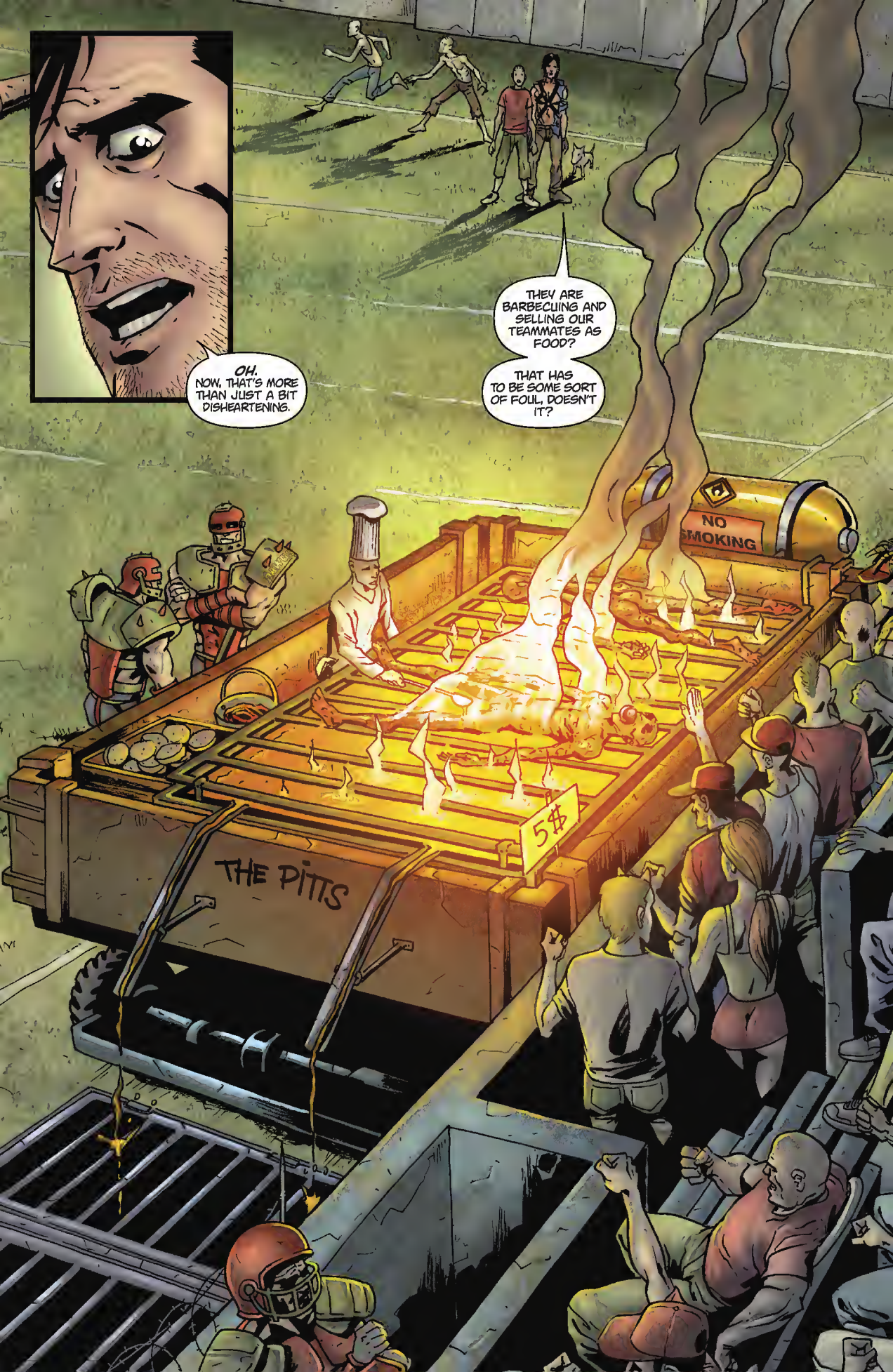




OH,
NOW, THAT'S MORE
THAN JUST A BIT
DISHEARTENING.

THEY ARE
BARBECLING AND
SELLING OUR
TEAMMATES AS
FOOD?

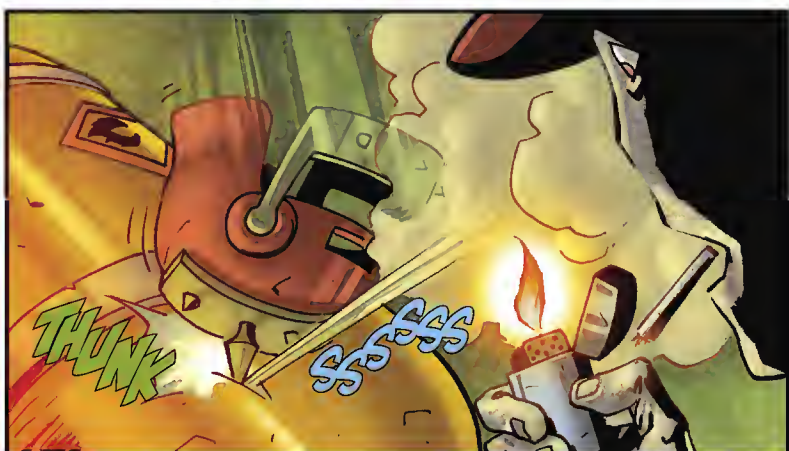
THAT HAS
TO BE SOME SORT
OF FOUL, DOESN'T
IT?





WAIT JUST A SECOND HERE, KID.

THAT GUY IS SMOKING. AMEN FOR OPEN AIR STADIUMS ON THE ASS END OF THE APOCALYPSE.

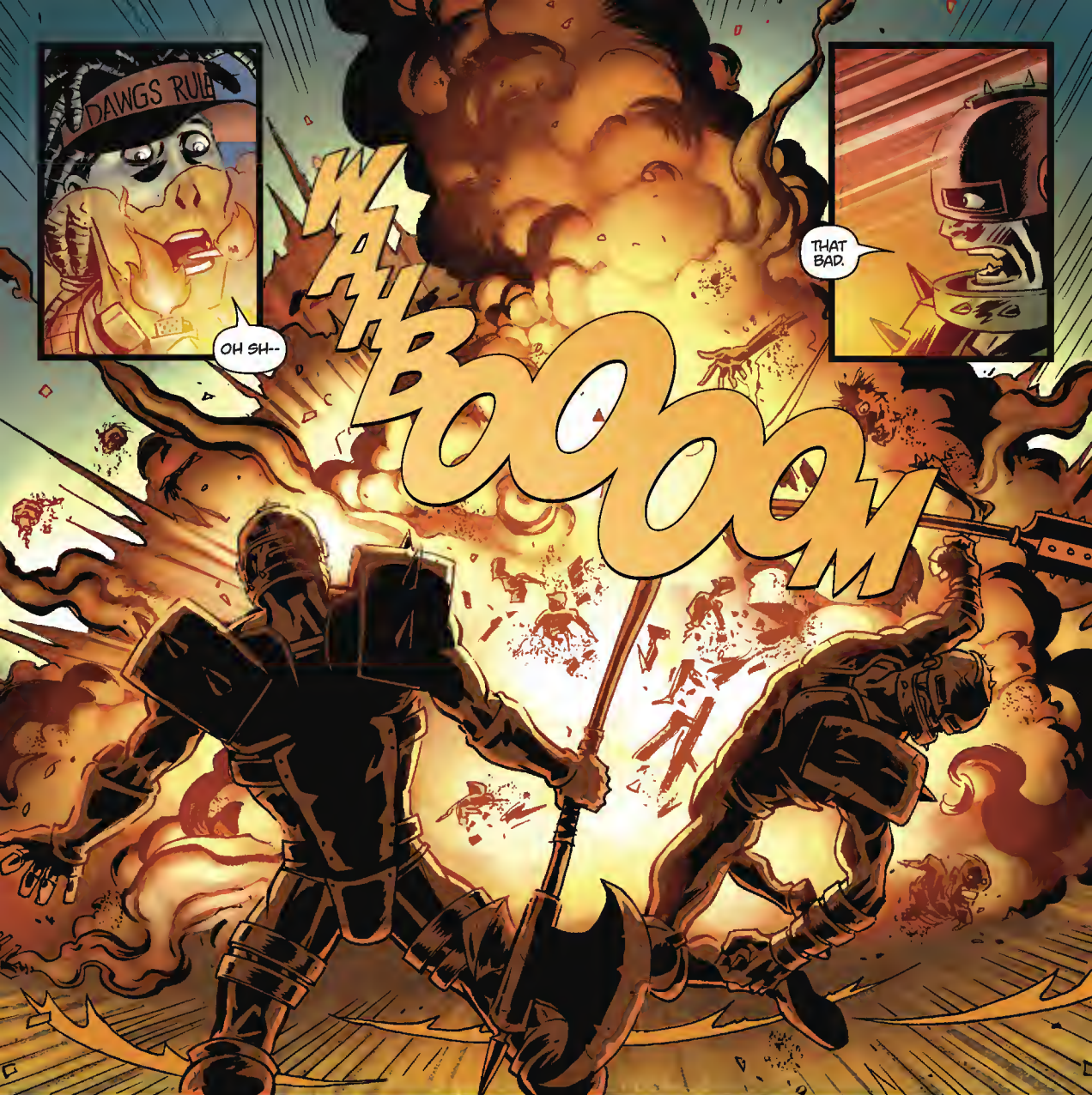




OH SH--



WAAH
BOOOOW





TIME TO WIN!
EVERYONE INTO THE
UNDER ZONE.

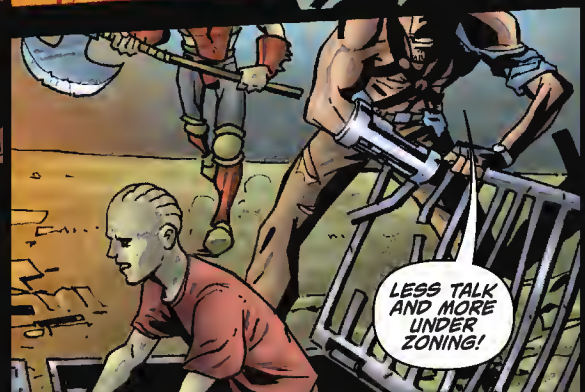


THIS ISN'T THE
NORMAL WAY INTO
THE UNDER ZONE. IT
WON'T TECHNICALLY
BE A WIN.

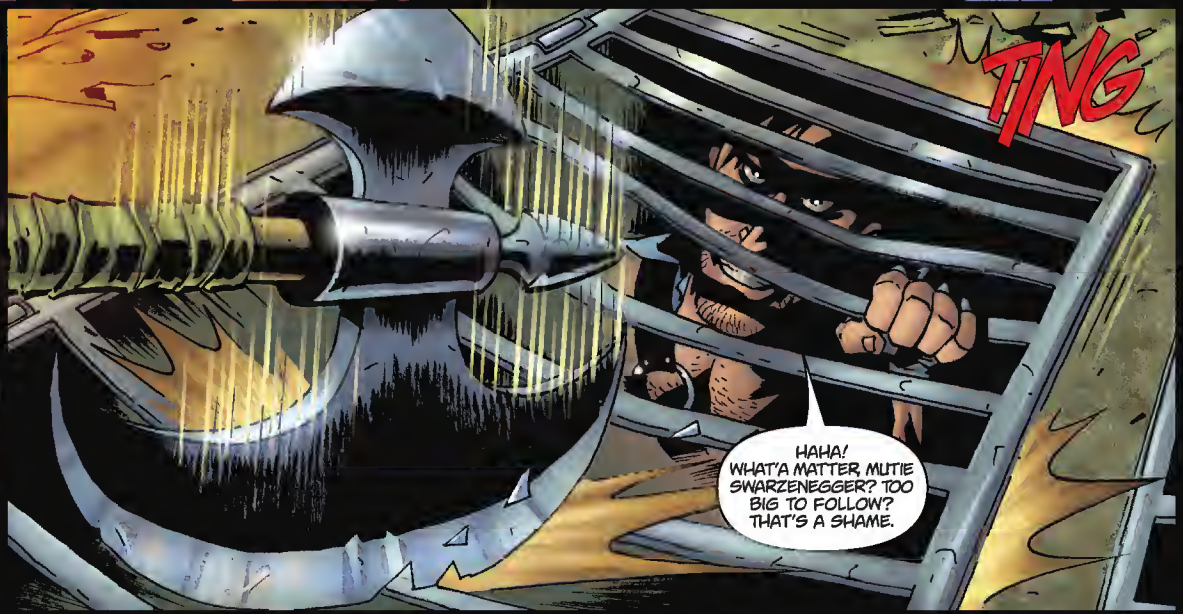


TRUST ME, KID. I
HAD A GIRLFRIEND WHO
WORKED CONCESSIONS.
I USED TO SNEAK IN
BENEATH STADIUMS
THROUGH A PIPE
JUST LIKE THIS.

THIS IS
DEFINITELY ONE
WAY INTO THE
UNDER ZONE.



LESS TALK
AND MORE
UNDER
ZONING!



HAHA!
WHAT'A MATTER MUTIE
SWARZENEGGER? TOO
BIG TO FOLLOW?
THAT'S A SHAME.



WE LOST?
IT'S THE END OF THE
WORLD! SOMEONE GET
ME SOME SMALLER
MUTANTS AND DIG
THEM OUT OF THE
UNDER ZONE!

I WANT
THEM DEAD!
DEAD!
DEAD!

UM,
BIG BOSS
MAN?



I THINK
THAT'S AGAINST THE
RULES. ACCORDING TO
PAGE TWENTY-ONE,
CHAPTER THREE, LINE
SIX WE CAN'T--

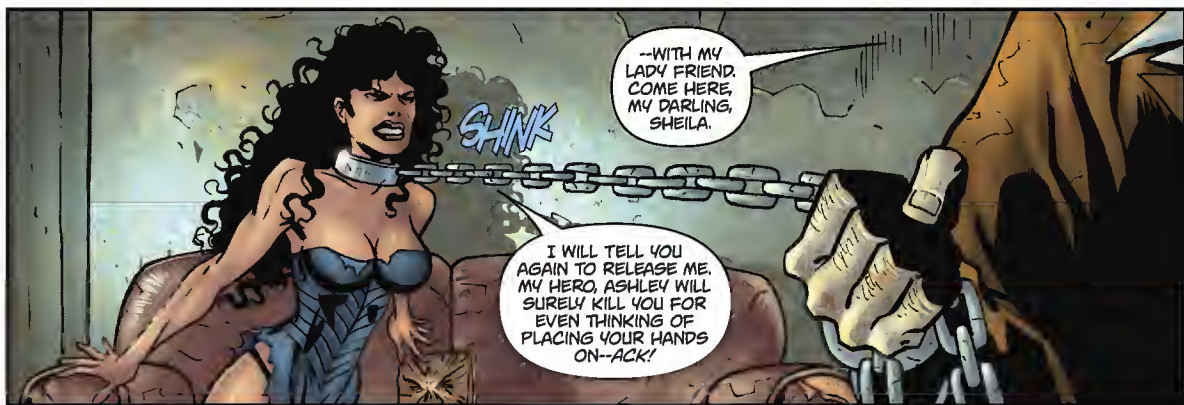


EEEEK!



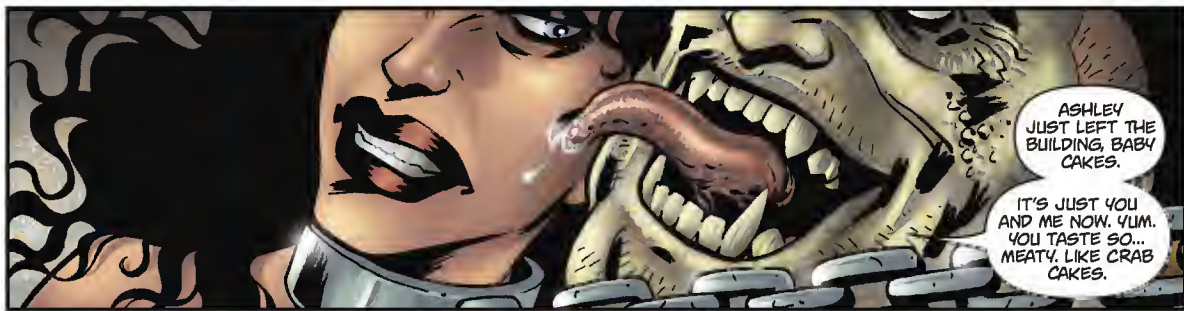
ANYONE
ELSE WANT TO
QUOTE RULES
TO ME?

GOOD,
EVERYONE
OUT. I NEED
SOME TIME
ALONE--



--WITH MY LADY FRIEND, COME HERE, MY DARLING, SHEILA.

I WILL TELL YOU AGAIN TO RELEASE ME. MY HERO, ASHLEY WILL SURELY KILL YOU FOR EVEN THINKING OF PLACING YOUR HANDS ON--ACK!



ASHLEY JUST LEFT THE BUILDING, BABY CAKES.

IT'S JUST YOU AND ME NOW. YUM. YOU TASTE SO... MEATY. LIKE CRAB CAKES.



DON'T MAKE ME GAG YOU LIKE THAT DAMN BOOK.

ALTHOUGH... THAT WOULD BE KIND OF KINKY, NO?



IF EVERYTHING THAT SICKO COLORING BOOK HAS IN IT IS TRUE, YOUR MAN WON'T REST UNTIL HE FINDS YOU.

AND WHEN HE COMES BACK... IF HE COMES BACK...



HE'LL HAVE TO COME THROUGH ME TO GET YOU.



WHAT DO YOU MEAN HE'S NOT HERE?

I AM SORRY. I HAVE BEEN UNABLE TO TRACK HIM.

YOU MEAN YOUR PRECIOUS BOOK AND YOUR BROWN NOSING NUMBER TWO LET YOU DOWN, DEMON? BIG SURPRISE.



YOU DARE MOCK OUR FLIGHT?

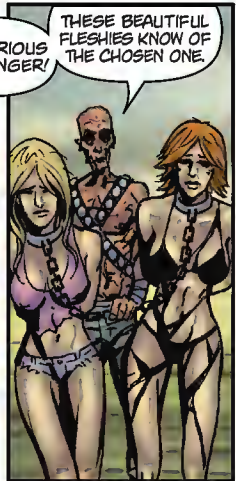
THERE ARE OTHERS WHO WOULD SERVE IN YOUR STEAD.

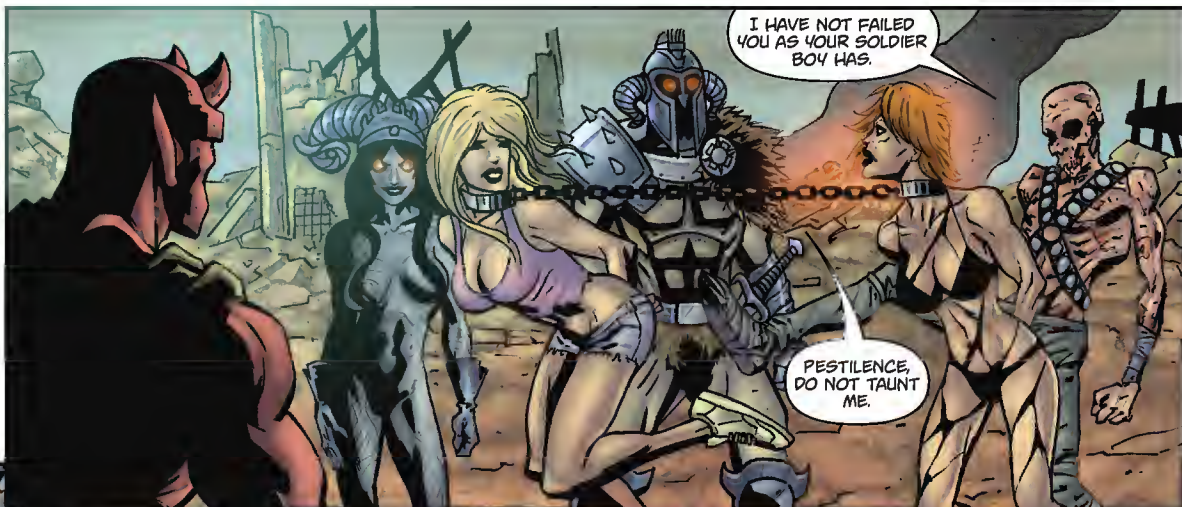


I AM JUST BORED. END OF DAYS ARE USUALLY A BIT MORE EXCITING THAN THIS.

MY GLORIOUS END BRINGER!

THESE BEAUTIFUL FLESHES KNOW OF THE CHOSEN ONE.





I HAVE NOT FAILED YOU AS YOUR SOLDIER BOY HAS.

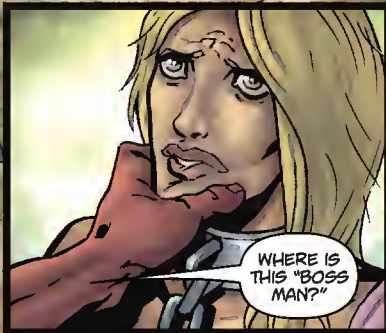
PESTILENCE, DO NOT TAUNT ME.



TALK.

HE KILLED OUR MEN AND SPOKE OF HIMSELF IN THE THIRD PERSON, CALLED HIMSELF THE "CHOSEN ONE."

BIG BOSS MAN'S MEN BOUGHT HIM AND HIS WENCH FROM US FOR THE GAMES.

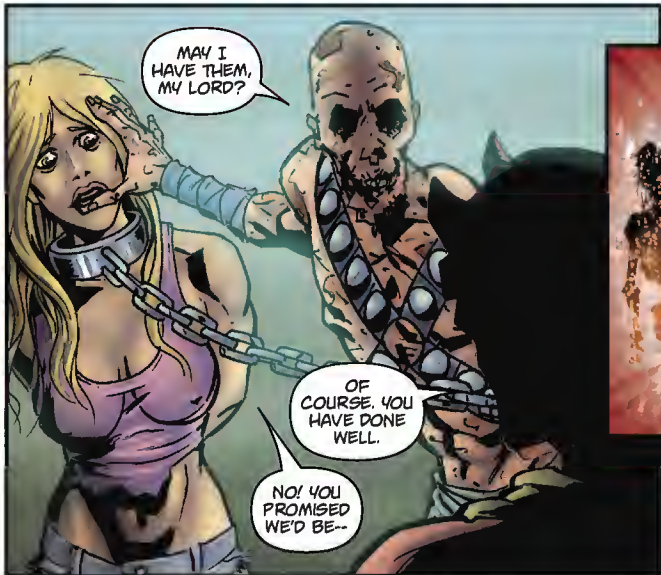


WHERE IS THIS "BOSS MAN?"



FAR FAR AWAY, HE OWNS CLEVELAND DAWGS STADIUM.

THANK YOU.



MAY I HAVE THEM, MY LORD?

OF COURSE, YOU HAVE DONE WELL.

NO! YOU PROMISED WE'D BE--



AAHIE!

WE WILL BE THERE BEFORE TOMORROW EVE.

ALL WILL KNOW IT AS THE LAST DAY.



SOME WIN.
"GET TO THE
UNDER ZONE,"
HE SAID.

DYING WOULD
HAVE BEEN LESS
DISGUSTING THAN
THIS...I KNOW.

IT
REMINDS ME
OF AN S-MART
BATHROOM AT
CLOSING TIME.



I TOLD YOU
THIS WAS NOT THE
NORMAL WAY INTO THE
UNDER ZONE. BUT I
THINK IT'S GOING TO
WORK OUT JUST
FINE.

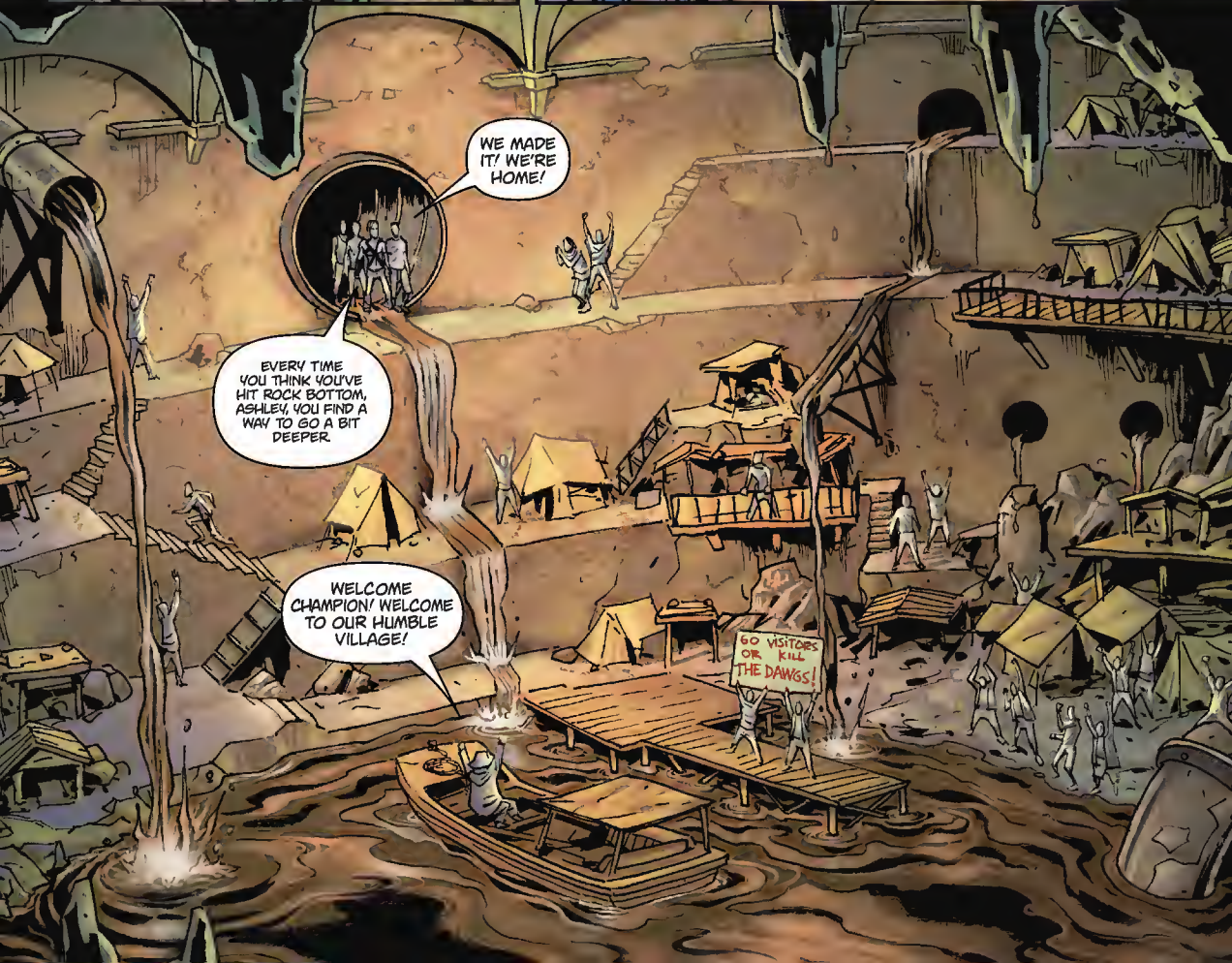
I RECOGNIZE
THIS TUNNEL.
WE'RE ALMOST
HOME.



HOME?
DOWN
HERE?

KILL ME
NOW.

COME ON.
IT'S JUST
AHEAD.



WE MADE
IT! WE'RE
HOME!

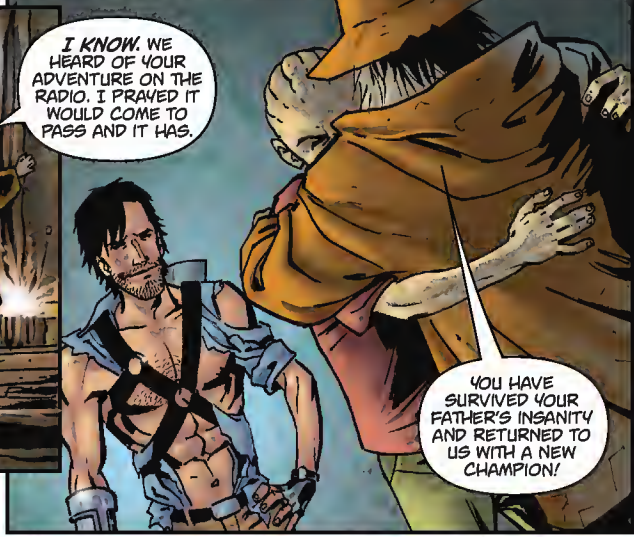
EVERY TIME
YOU THINK YOU'VE
HIT ROCK BOTTOM,
ASHLEY, YOU FIND A
WAY TO GO A BIT
DEEPER.

WELCOME
CHAMPION! WELCOME
TO OUR HUMBLE
VILLAGE!

60 VISITORS
OR KILL
THE DAWGS!

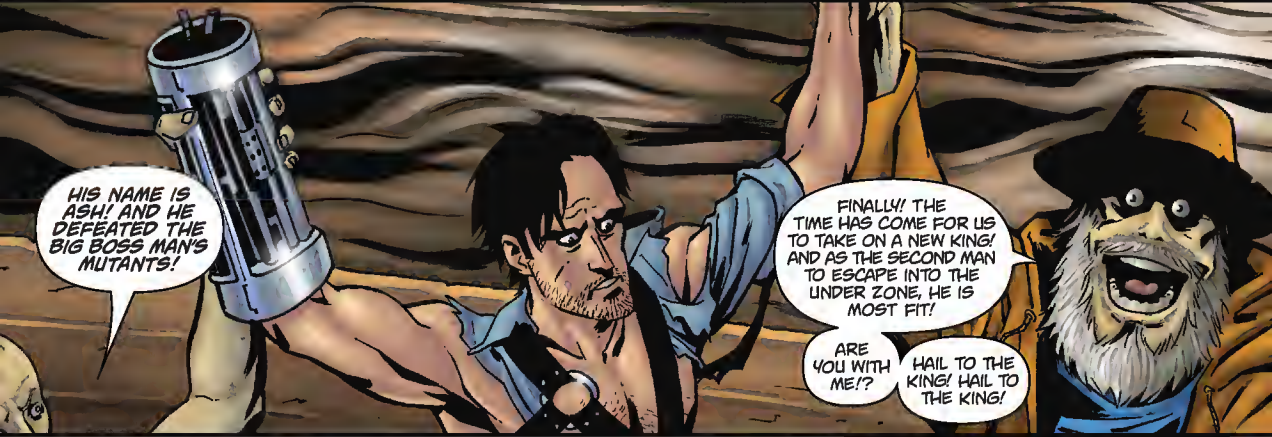


GRANDPAPA!
WE MADE IT!



I KNOW. WE
HEARD OF YOUR
ADVENTURE ON THE
RADIO. I PRAYED IT
WOULD COME TO
PASS AND IT HAS.

YOU HAVE
SURVIVED YOUR
FATHER'S INSANITY
AND RETURNED TO
US WITH A NEW
CHAMPION!



HIS NAME IS
ASH! AND HE
DEFEATED THE
BIG BOSS MAN'S
MUTANTS!

FINALLY! THE
TIME HAS COME FOR US
TO TAKE ON A NEW KING!
AND AS THE SECOND MAN
TO ESCAPE INTO THE
UNDER ZONE, HE IS
MOST FIT!

ARE
YOU WITH
ME??

HAIL TO THE
KING! HAIL TO
THE KING!



HAIL TO THE
KING! HAIL TO
THE KING!



NOW HOLD
ON A SECOND
HERE--

AS MUCH
AS I'D LOVE TO BE
GRAND POOBAH OF
CRAPVILLE, I THINK
YOU SHOULD SLOW
DOWN A BIT AND--



FEAST
FOR THE KING!
FEAST! FEAST!
FEAST!



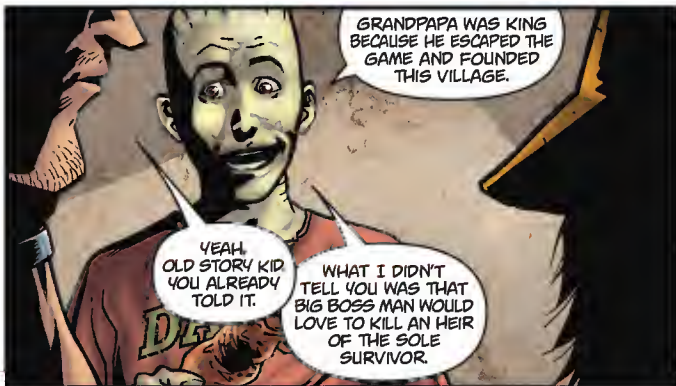
THIS IS THE BIGGEST FEAST I'VE EVER SEEN. AREN'T YOU HUNGRY? ROAST RAT IS NOT SERVED EVERY DAY.

I TRY NOT TO EAT ON THE THRONE. THERE'S JUST SOMETHING FUNDAMENTALLY WRONG WITH IT.



DO YOU FEEL COMFORTABLE AS KING?

NOT ESPECIALLY. THERE HAS TO BE A STIPULATION ABOUT BEING AN ACTUAL CITIZEN FIRST, DOESN'T THERE?



GRANDPAPA WAS KING BECAUSE HE ESCAPED THE GAME AND FOUNDED THIS VILLAGE.

YEAH, OLD STORY KID YOU ALREADY TOLD IT.

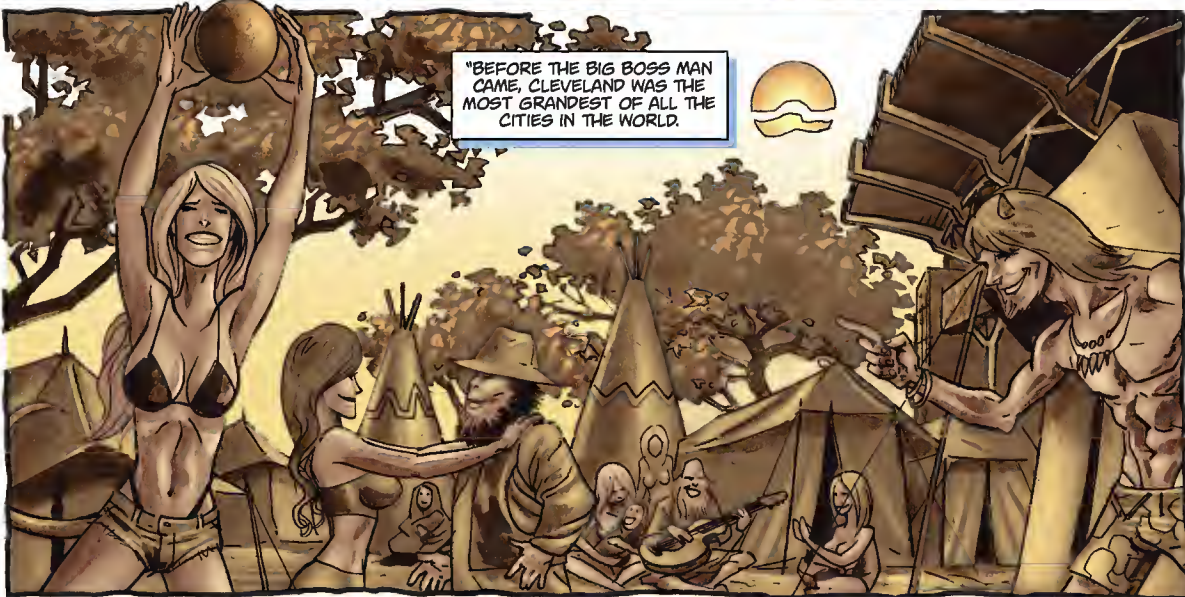
WHAT I DIDN'T TELL YOU WAS THAT BIG BOSS MAN WOULD LOVE TO KILL AN HEIR OF THE SOLE SURVIVOR.



THAT TRUE, OLD TIMER? YOU SURVIVED?

YES. I ESCAPED INTO THE UNDER ZONE AND PRAISE TO ALL THAT IS HOLY I FOUND THIS REFUGE.

YEAH, REAL NICE FIND.



"BEFORE THE BIG BOSS MAN CAME, CLEVELAND WAS THE MOST GRANDDEST OF ALL THE CITIES IN THE WORLD."



"WHEN BIG BOSS MAN ARRIVED HE ENTERTAINED PEOPLE WITH HIS STORIES OF THE GAMES. EVERYONE WANTED TO SEE AND TALK ABOUT THESE GAMES. BUT NO ONE WANTED TO PLAY THEM. WHO WOULD? LOSING MEANT BEING ROASTED FOR SNACK TIME!

"THOSE OF US WHO SPOKE OUT AGAINST THE VIOLENCE..."



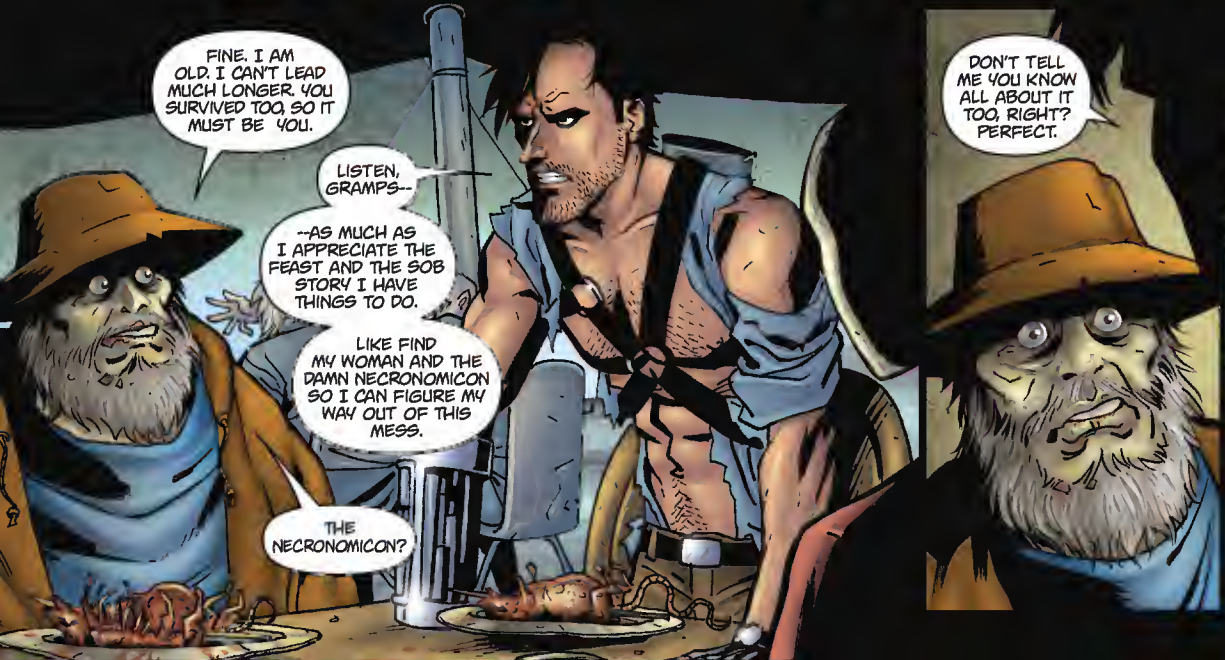
"...WERE FORCED TO PLAY AND DIE IN THE GAMES."

"I WAS THE ONLY ONE UNTIL NOW TO ESCAPE INTO WHAT WOULD BECOME KNOWN AS THE UNDER ZONE."

"MY HEROIC FIGHT TO THE DEATH IS A THING OF LEGEND NOW. THE GRANDEST OF ALL TALES! I REMEMBER BEING ON THE FIELD AND--"



BLAH, BLAH, BLAH CUT TO THE CHASE OLD MAN.



FINE. I AM OLD. I CAN'T LEAD MUCH LONGER. YOU SURVIVED TOO, SO IT MUST BE YOU.

LISTEN, GRAMPS--

--AS MUCH AS I APPRECIATE THE FEAST AND THE SOB STORY I HAVE THINGS TO DO.

LIKE FIND MY WOMAN AND THE DAMN NECRONOMICON SO I CAN FIGURE MY WAY OUT OF THIS MESS.

THE NECRONOMICON?

DON'T TELL ME YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT IT TOO, RIGHT? PERFECT.



OF COURSE, THE PROPHECY STATES THE DEMON WHO WROTE THE BOOK WILL BE ONE DAY BE REBORN.

AND HE WILL SEEK OUT THE CHOSEN ONE AND USE HIS BLOOD TO INITIATE THE END OF DAYS.



HEY, ASH ALWAYS CALLS HIMSELF THE CHOSEN ONE. HOW ABOUT THAT?



I KNEW IT! YOU ARE A WORTHY SUCCESSOR! YOU MUST RETRIEVE THE BOOK. IT IS SAID THE CHOSEN ONE CAN MAKE THE BOOK DO HIS BIDDING.

YEAH, RIGHT. I'M SURE THE KANDARIAN POP-UP BOOK WILL JUMP INTO MY HANDS AND HELP FIX THIS RIDICULOUS GLOBAL EFF UP.



IF YOU ARE THE CHOSEN ONE, IT WILL. IT WILL!

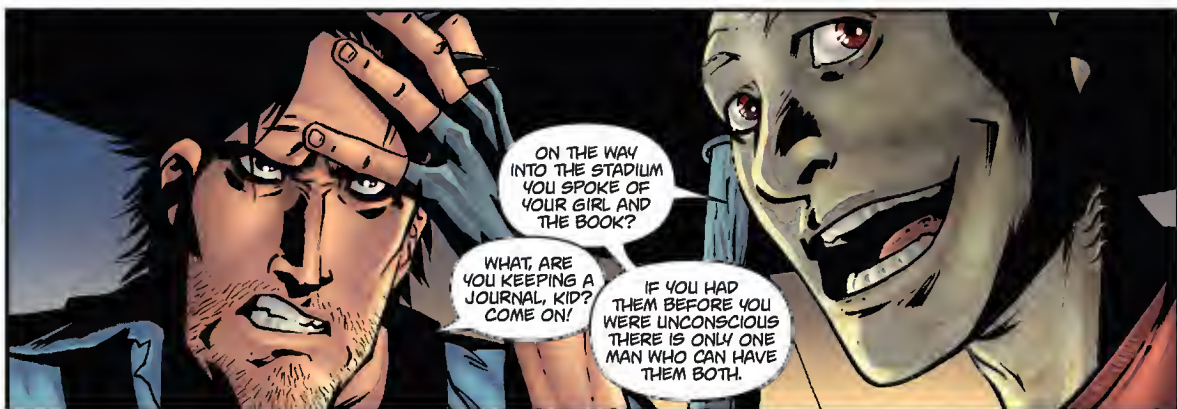
YOUR BLOOD CAN ALTER THIS WORLD. RETURN IT TO THE WAY IT SHOULD BE. BEFORE THE BIG BOSS MAN ARRIVED.

WE COULD RETURN CLEVELAND TO ITS RIGHTFUL GLORY!



LET'S TRY WALKING BEFORE WE RUN GRAMPS. CLEVELAND MIGHT BE A LOST CAUSE NO MATTER WHAT MESSED UP FUTURE WORLD YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.

IF I'M DOING ANYTHING WE'RE GETTING THIS WORLD BACK TO PRE-APOCALYPSE STATE. UNFORTUNATELY, I LOST THE BOOK AND--



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ARMY OF DARKNESS™

THE LONG ROAD HOME



FABIANO 07

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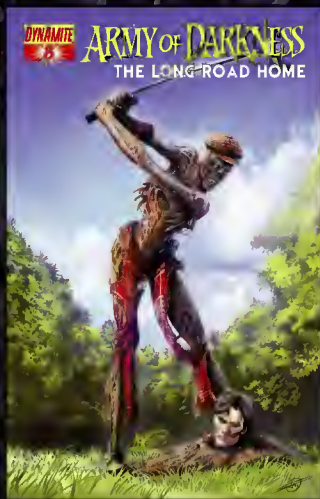
THE LONG ROAD HOME

In an age of darkness.
At a time of evil.
When the world needed a hero.
What it got was him.

As Ash continues on "The Long Road Home" our unlucky hero has made the fateful decision to continue in his "Chosen One" duties, not knowing that hell has literally been unleashed on earth and he's about to face the baddest of the bad, the evilest of the evil... the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse!



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FABIANO NEVES



COVER B
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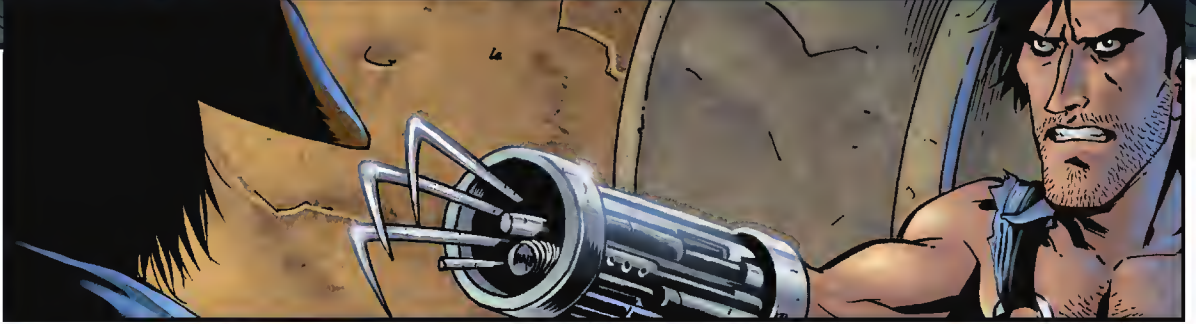


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HOLD ON A SECOND. WHERE DO YOU TWO THINK YOU'RE GOING?

BALLS AND I ARE GOING TO HELP YOU.

WE CAN LEAD YOU THROUGH THE SEWER BACK TO THE--

NOT TODAY, KID. IT'S JUST ME AGAINST THE FAT MAN. NO DISTRACTIONS.

MOST IMPORTANTLY, I'M ANTICIPATING SOME R-RATED TIME WITH SHEILA. YOU GET IT? IF I BRING YOU ALONG, I END UP IN PG-13 LAND AND THIS ALL ENDS WITH A GROUP HUG.

BUT I CAN HELP.

RUFF

YOU SMELL THAT, WIKKIE? IT REEKS TO HIGH HELL IN HERE.

AND THAT'S WHAT YOU NEED TO FOCUS ON. THIS STENCH. YOU NEED TO LEAD THESE PEOPLE OUT OF THIS CESSPOOL. LITERALLY.

YOU'RE A CHOSEN ONE IN THE MAKING. I COULDN'T HAVE MADE IT THIS FAR WITHOUT YOU. OR BALLS.

BUT IT'S NOT YOUR TIME YET. NOW GRAB BALLS AND GET OUTTA HERE.

YES, SIR.

HEY, GRAND POOBAH OF CRAPPYTOWN, YOU OLD IDIOT. THIS HERE KID IS YOUR SUCCESSOR.

HE SAVED OUR ASSES IN THE STADIUM AND, TO BE HONEST, IS A BIT MORE OF THE LEADER TYPE.



PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT, CHOSEN ONE. I HAD NEVER THOUGHT OF MY GRANDSON IN THAT WAY...

I HAVE MUCH TO TEACH YOU, WIKKIE. AND APPARENTLY MUCH TO LEARN AS WELL.

HEY, KID, I THINK FLIPPING A COIN WOULD TEACH YOU MORE THAN OLD ABC AFTERNOON SPECIAL HERE.



GOODBYE, ASH.

GOODBYE, KID. OLD MAN. BALLS.



OH YEAH, ONE OTHER THING. THANKS FOR BEING A BACKWARDS, POWER TOOL-LESS SOCIETY, YOU FRIGGIN' MORLOCKS.

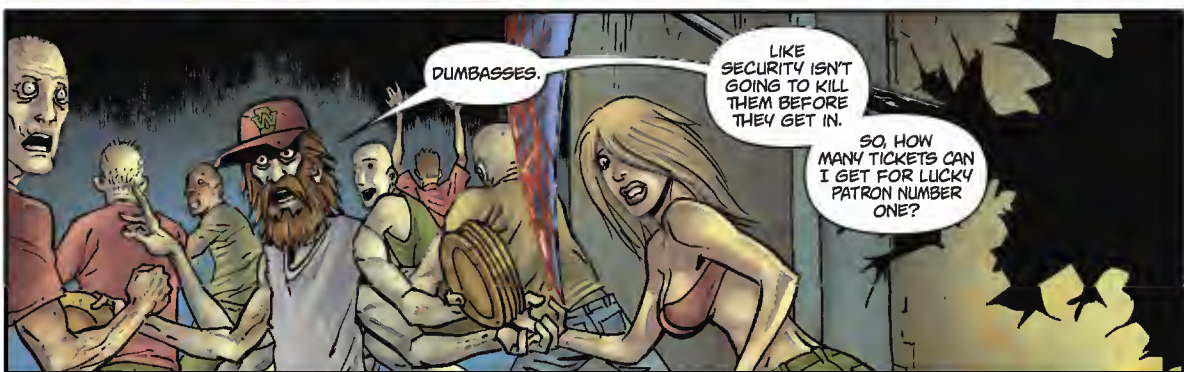
MAYBE YOU SHOULD MOVE OUT OF THE STONE AGE AND GET YOURSELF SOME GASOLINE POWERED HARDWARE OR A GUN.



BEWARE THE HORSEMEN OF APOCALYPSE, CHOSEN ONE. IF THEY ARE SEARCHING FOR THE BOOK LIKE YOU ARE, OUR WORLD IS IN GRAVE DANGER.

I RIGHT WRONGS AND CHANGE HISTORY, OLDSTER.

TODAY, THE BIG BOSS MAN IS IN FOR A BEATING. I'M GOING TO GET MY GIRL AND THAT STUPID BOOK BACK. EVERYTHING ELSE IS SECONDARY.





URK!

SLICE



DID YOU SEE THAT? DEATH MADE A JOKE.

NOT A VERY GOOD ONE, PESTILENCE.

STILL, THE FIEND HASN'T TALKED SINCE WE'VE MET HIM. IT'S NICE TO KNOW EVEN KING CARRION HAS A SENSE OF HUMOR, RIGHT?



I HEARD THE BARKER MENTION THE CHOSEN ONE BEFORE DEATH SILENCED HIM. WE ARE GETTING CLOSER.

HIS CURSED BLOOD WILL COMPLETE THE PAGES AND BIND US TO THE END OF DAYS.



THE TENSION IS SO THICK I CAN ALMOST TASTE IT.



TONIGHT WILL BE MY TEAM'S RETURN TO GLORY. NO MORE LOSSES.

WE WILL BE CHAMPIONS AGAIN, LIKE IN THE SONG!



AND THEN MAYBE AT HALF TIME WE'LL MAKE LOVE IN FRONT OF THE ENTIRE STADIUM. NO FCC TO COMPLAIN ANYMORE. HOW DOES THAT SOUND, SUGARHUMPS?

FOR THE LAST TIME, MY NAME IS SHEILA AND THOU ART THE MOST DISGUSTING BEAST I HAVE EVER ENCOUNTERED.

AND I HAVE TONGUE KISSED THE LIVING DEAD.



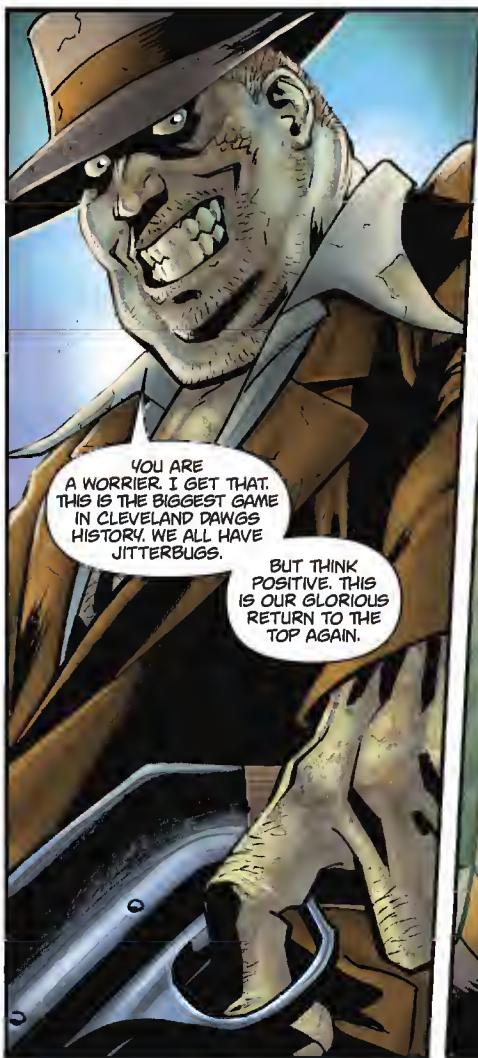
WHY SO CRUEL? JUST GIVE IN TO THE LUST WE'RE FEELING FOR EACH OTHER AND EVERYTHING WILL BE BEAUTIFUL.

UM, BIG BOSS MAN?



WE HAVE BROUGHT YOUR DRINKS, SIR, AND LIM...

THERE HAVE BEEN REPORTS OF AN INCIDENT AT THE FRONT GATE. WE HAVEN'T HEARD FROM OUR GUARDS AT--



YOU ARE A WORRIER, I GET THAT. THIS IS THE BIGGEST GAME IN CLEVELAND DAWGS HISTORY. WE ALL HAVE JITTERBUGS.

BUT THINK POSITIVE. THIS IS OUR GLORIOUS RETURN TO THE TOP AGAIN.



AND NOT EVEN THE CHOSEN ONE WILL BE ABLE TO STOP IT.

WAIT! WHAT--



BOOM



BUT BIG BOSSY MAN, DID WE NOT BRING ENOUGH ICE AND DRINKS?



NO, YOU IDIOTS! THAT WAS NO SERVANT. THAT WAS THE CHOSEN ONE. CAESAR HAD BETTER BODYGUARDS THAN YOU CLOWNS.

NOW, MY SWEETNESS, WE CAN FINALLY MOVE ON WITH A CLEAR CONSCIENCE.

PULL BACK HIS MASK AND SAY GOODBYE.



NO...

UH, WE'LL BE BACK AT HALF TIME, BIG BOSSY MAN.



PLEASE DON'T BE MY ASHLEY.

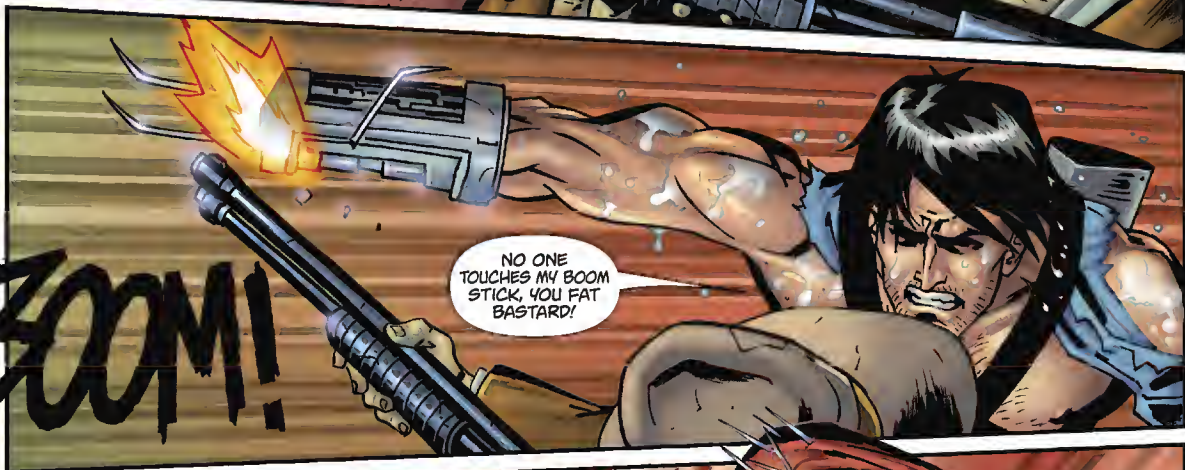


OH, THANK THE GODS. THOU ART STILL OUT THERE.



I'M A LOT CLOSER THAN THAT, BABY!

YOU!



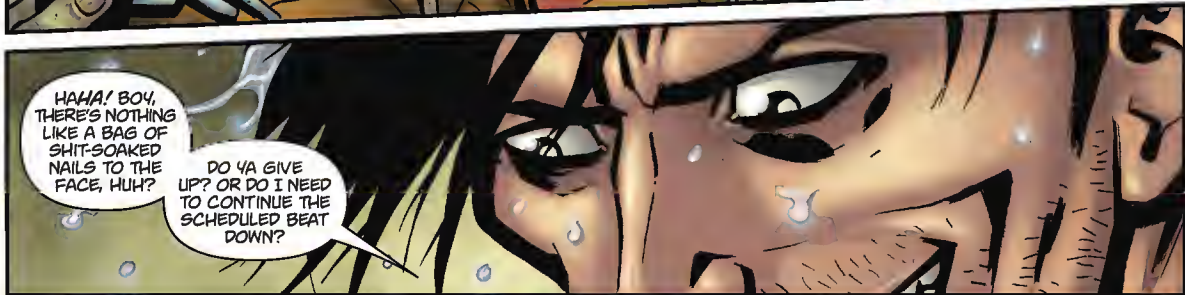
NO ONE TOUCHES MY BOOM STICK, YOU FAT BASTARD!

BOOM!



THUNK

OOOOWWWW!



HAAA! BOY, THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A BAG OF SHIT-SOAKED NAILS TO THE FACE, HUH?

DO YA GIVE UP? OR DO I NEED TO CONTINUE THE SCHEDULED BEAT DOWN?



ARRRRHHH!

I'LL TAKE THAT AS A "NO."

OO!

OWWW!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT YOU ACTUALLY FORKED ME!

I'M GONNA CRUSH YOU!

I READ THAT BOOK! ALL YOUR PATHETIC EXPLOITS!

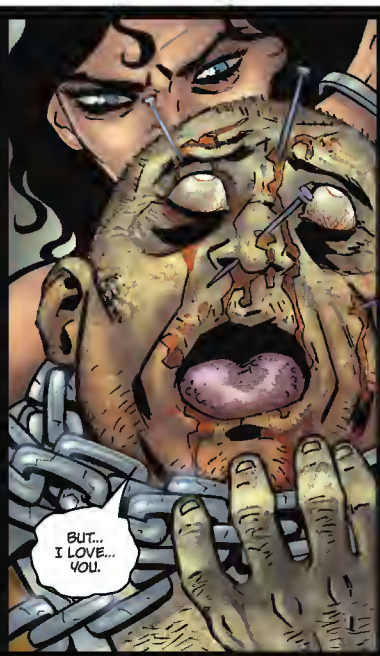
IN THE END YOU DIE. IT HAS BEEN PROPHESIZED!

I'M JUST SKIPPING TO THE GOOD PART!



I SHALL NOT LET THEE HURT MY CHOSEN ONE, MONSTER!

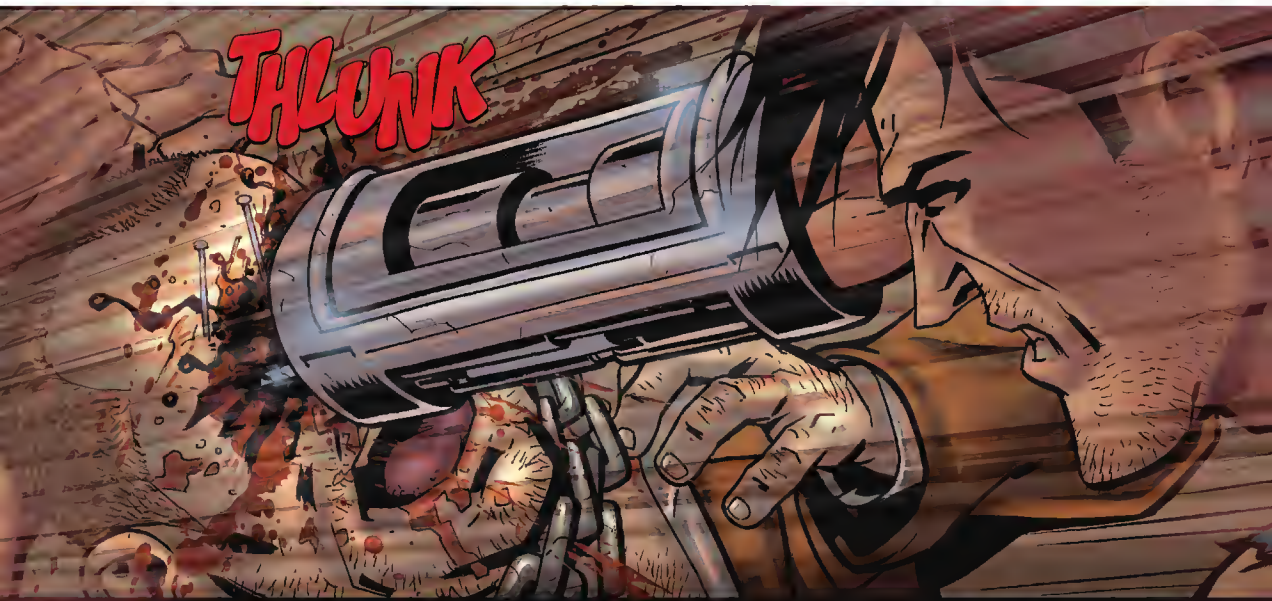
URK.



BUT... I LOVE... YOU.



LOVE HURTS AND THE GIRL'S TAKEN, BOSS HOG.

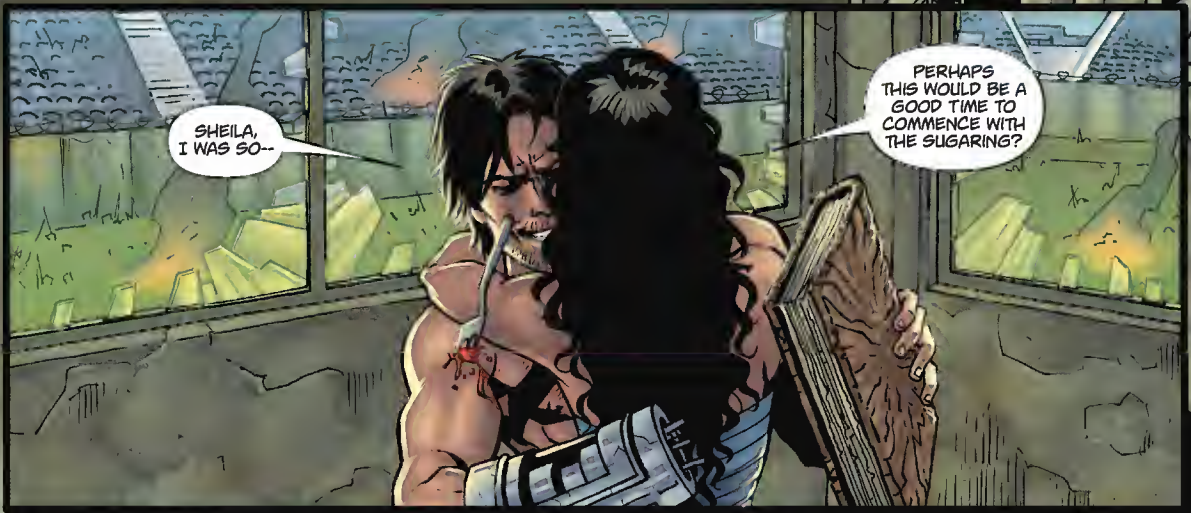


THUNK



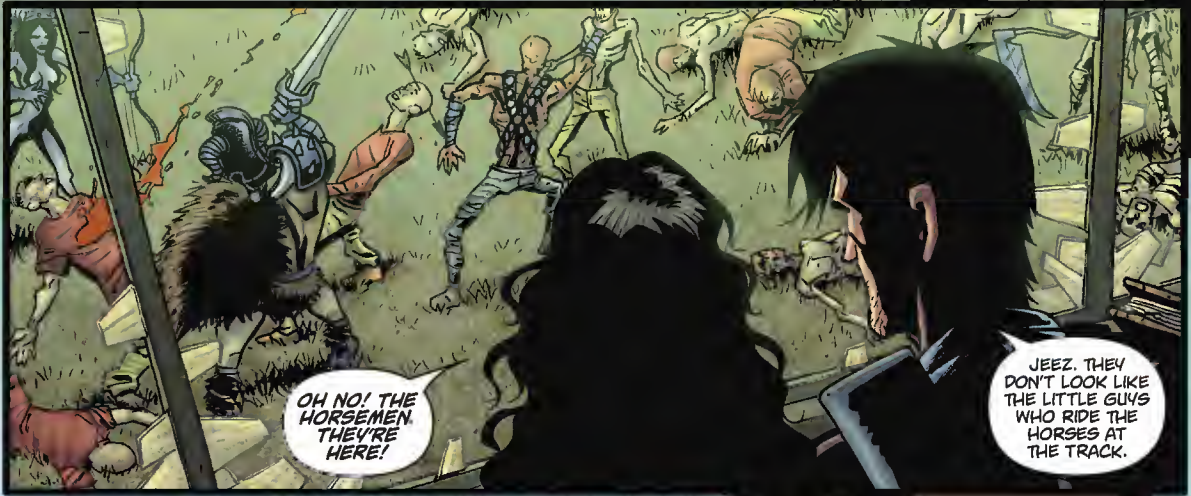
AND HERE'S A LESSON FOR YA. JUST BECAUSE SOMETHING'S IN PRINT, DON'T MAKE IT SO.

I LEARNED THAT FROM READING THE PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH BIOS.



SHEILA,
I WAS SO--

PERHAPS
THIS WOULD BE A
GOOD TIME TO
COMMENCE WITH
THE SUGARING?



OH NO! THE
HORSEMEN.
THEY'RE
HERE!

JEEZ. THEY
DON'T LOOK LIKE
THE LITTLE GUYS
WHO RIDE THE
HORSES AT
THE TRACK.



IT IS THE CHOSEN
ONE. AND THE
NECRONOMICON.

WAR. DEATH.
DELIVER THEM
TO ME.



IMMEDIATELY,
MASTER.

WHACK



ASHLEY!

HOLD ON, SHEILA. THIS MIGHT STING A BIT.



RRRRUUH.
YOU OK?



I AM UNHURT, BUT WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

THE ONLY THING I KNOW, I'M GONNA KICK THEIR ASSES.

YOINK



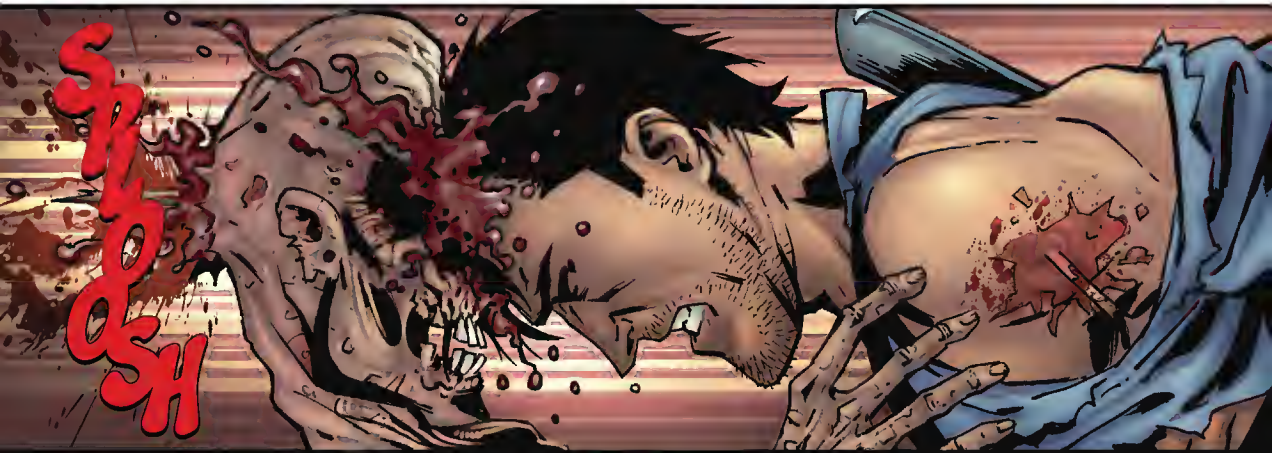
BRING ME THE CHOSEN ONE. I NEED HIS BLOOD. DO WHAT YOU WILL WITH THE WENCH.

HEY, NEW FREAK GUY. NO ONE CALLS THE WENCH A WENCH BUT ME.

AND MY BLOOD AINT FOR SALE SO YOU'RE OUT OF LUCK.

NOW MAKE A HOLE AND NO ONE GETS HURT.

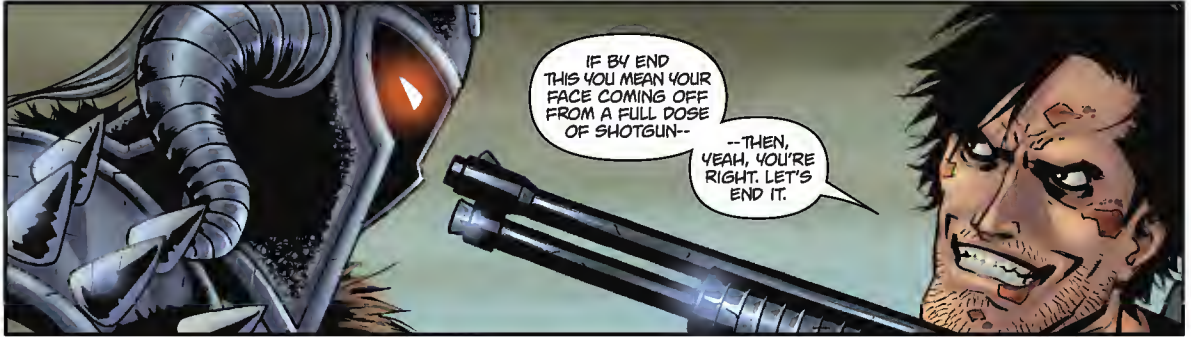






THANK YOU FOR KILLING THAT ANNOYING SACK OF BILE.

NOW YOU AND I CAN END THIS LIKE WARRIORS!



IF BY END THIS YOU MEAN YOUR FACE COMING OFF FROM A FULL DOSE OF SHOTGUN--

--THEN, YEAH, YOU'RE RIGHT. LET'S END IT.



CLICK

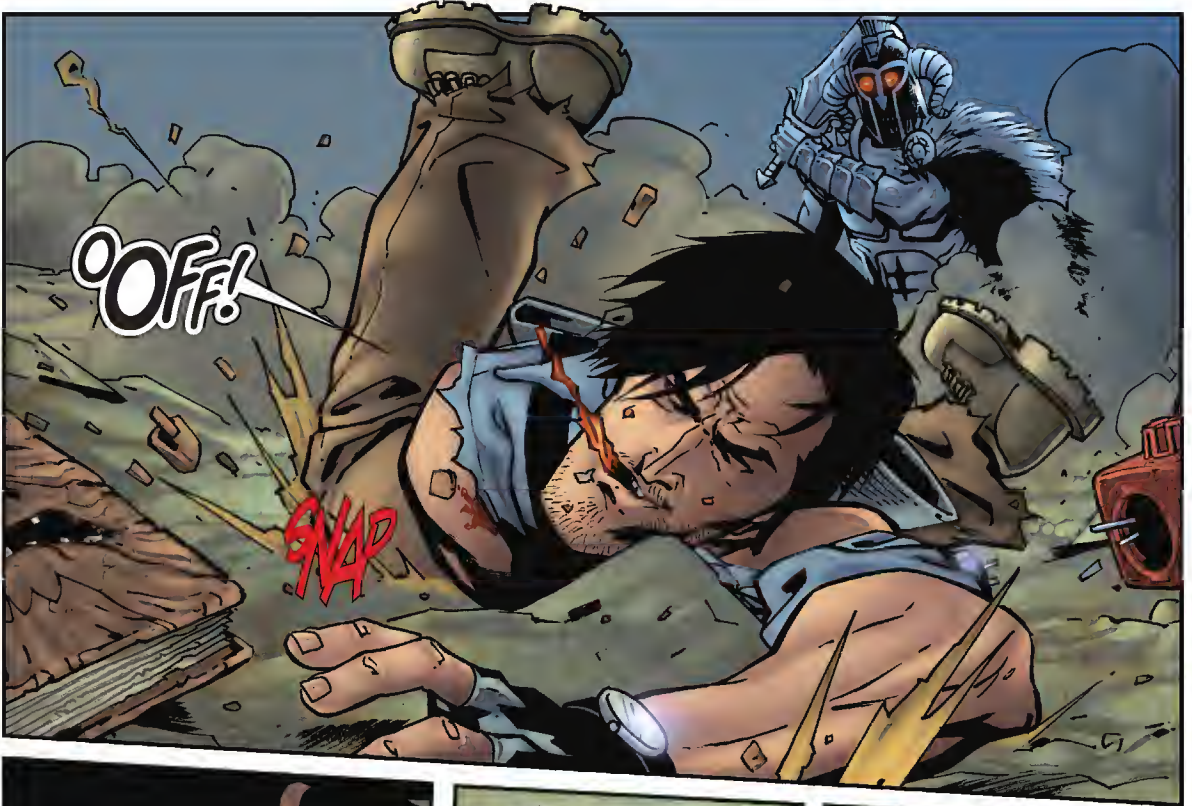


WHAT? FREAKIN' PORKY DIDN'T RELOAD.

AMATEUR.



IRK.



EVERYONE JUST SHUT UP..AND LET... ME THINK...



IS THAT IT FROM YOU GUYS? BECAUSE IF IT IS...

...THIS PARTY IS JUST GETTIN STARTED.

ASHLEY! BEHIND US!

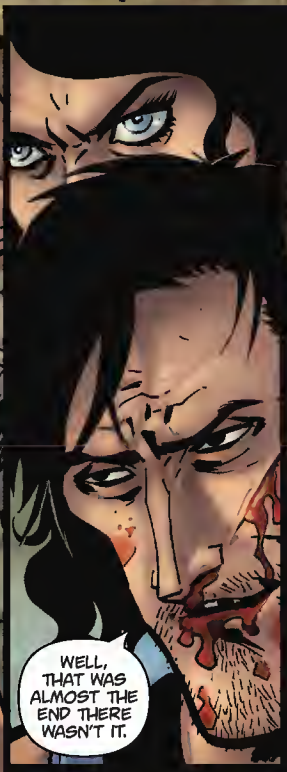


MUCH BETTER WARNING, BEAUTIFUL.

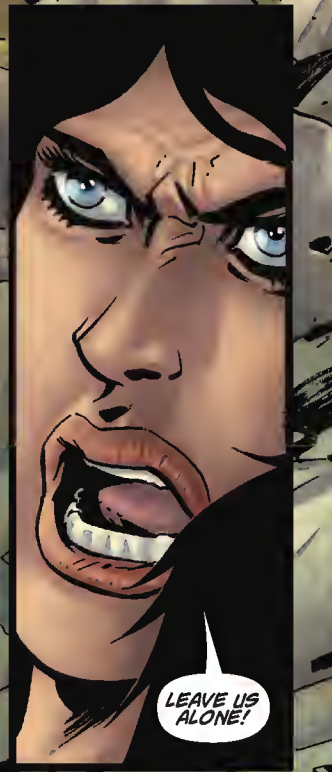


ENOUGH!

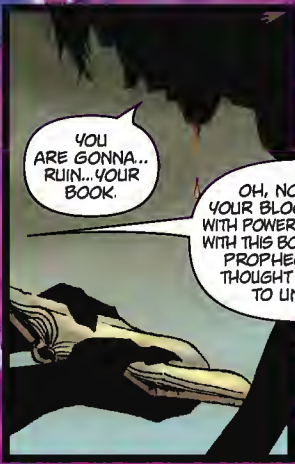
THE CHOSEN ONE'S BLOOD MUST COME FROM HIM WHILE HIS HEART STILL BEATS OR IT IS WORTHLESS.



WELL, THAT WAS ALMOST THE END THERE WASN'T IT.



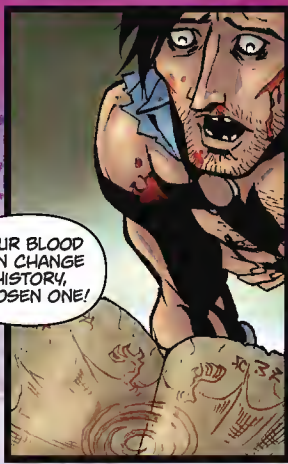
LEAVE US ALONE!



YOU ARE GONNA...
RUIN... YOUR
BOOK.

OH, NO, NO, NO.
YOUR BLOOD IS FILLED
WITH THIS POWER. WHEN JOINED
WITH THIS BOOK IT FULFILLS
PROPHECIES LONG
THOUGHT IMPOSSIBLE
TO UNLEASH.

YOUR BLOOD
CAN CHANGE
HISTORY,
CHOSEN ONE!



SHREEEK!



WHAT IS
THAT?

THE ONLY
WAY YOU... ARE
GETTING ANY OF MY
BLOOD... IS OVER
MY DEAD BODY,
UGLY.



**BOW
TO ME, MY
MINIONS!**

**MY GLORIOUS
AGE OF ETERNAL
SUFFERING
BEGINS NOW!**

YESSS!
WE WILL
OBEY!



OUR LIVES FOR YOU, MASTER!



SHEILA... THE BOOK... GRAB IT... OPEN IT... TO THE LAST PAGE.



WHAT?

NO! STOP HIM! YOU FOOLS!



JUST... REVISING A PASSAGE... IN THE GOOD... BOOK.

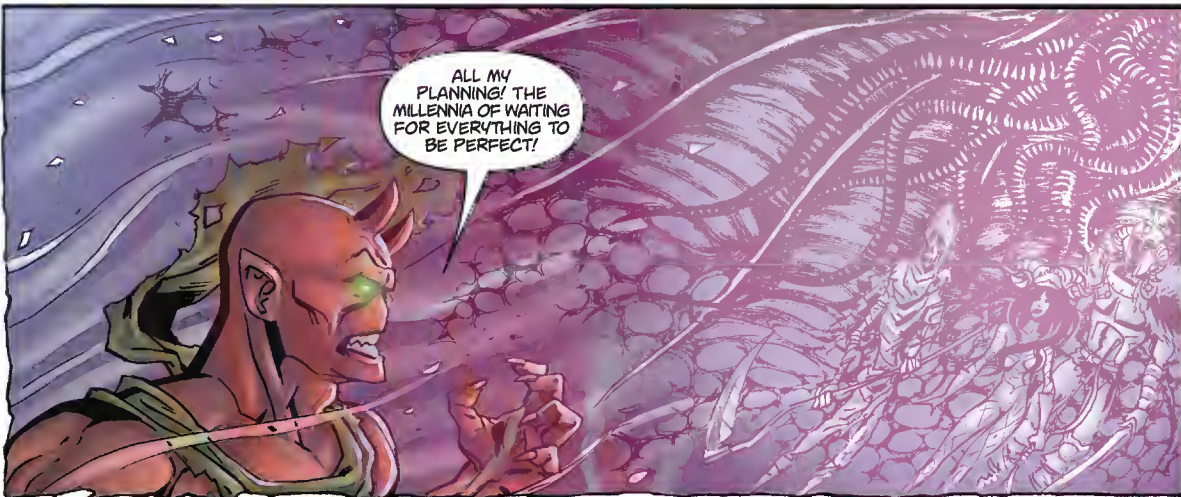
PEOPLE... DO IT... ALL THE TIME.



NOO!



NOOO!
IT'S NOT
POSSIBLE!



ALL MY
PLANNING! THE
MILLENNIA OF WAITING
FOR EVERYTHING TO
BE PERFECT!

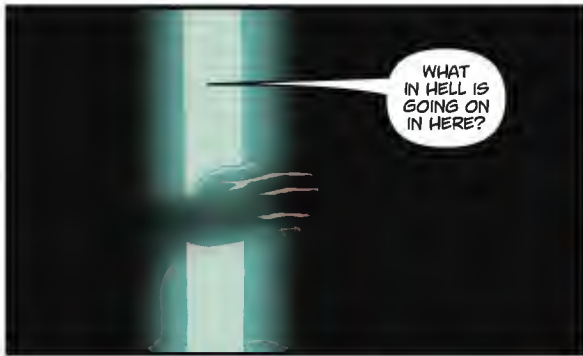


I'LL SWALLOW
YOUR SOUL!

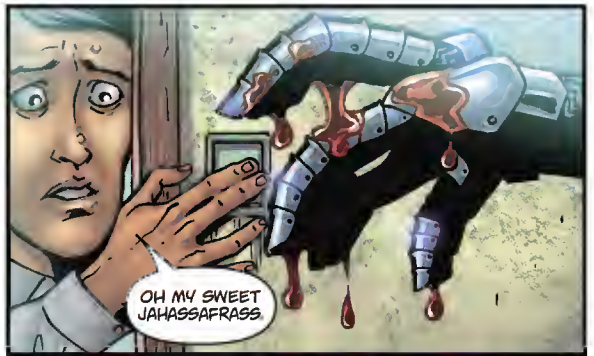
YOU'RE
NOT... THE
FIRST
ONE...

...TO TRY...

...DICKWEED



WHAT IN HELL IS GOING ON IN HERE?



OH MY SWEET JAHASSAFRASS.



ASH AND THE NEW GIRL. RIGHT. PERFECT. BILLIG SURPRISE.

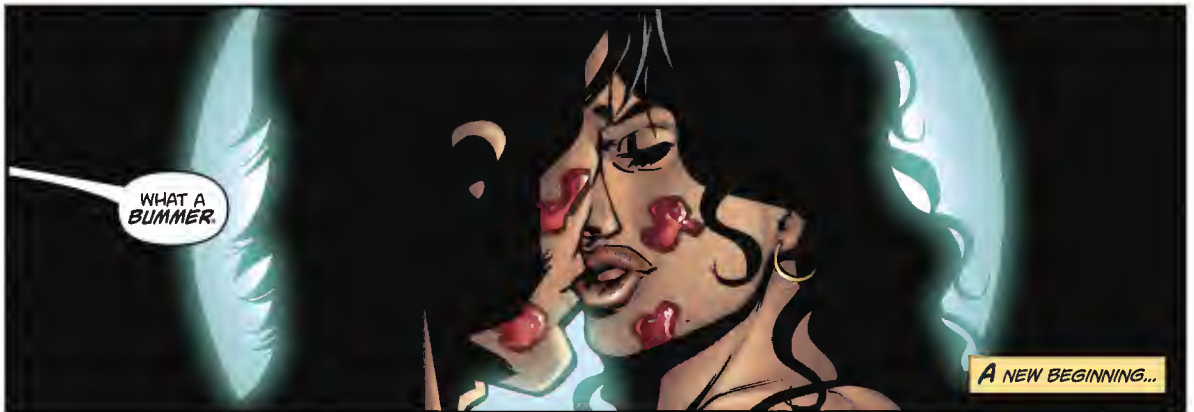
HOW COME EVERY GIRL IN THIS PLACE GOES FOR THE GLORIFIED STOCK BOY? UNBELIEVABLE.



CLEAN UP IN THE FISH TANK AISLE, ASH. IT'S A MASSACRE. FISH ARE DOWN EVERYWHERE. MR. SMART WANTS YOU ON IT.

AND THEN CLEAN UP WHATEVER IT IS YOU'RE DOING IN HERE.

WITH MY ASSISTANT MANAGER SALARY YOU THINK I'D BE SCORING ALL THE TAIL, BUT NNOOOOOO, THEY WANT THE GUY WITH THE ROCK HARD ABS AND CHISELED GOOD LOOKS.



WHAT A BUMMER.

A NEW BEGINNING...

THE LONG ROAD HOME COVER GALLERY

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Page 93 • FABIANO NEVES

ISSUE 6

Page 94 • STJEPAN SEJIC

Page 95 • FABIANO NEVES

ISSUE 7

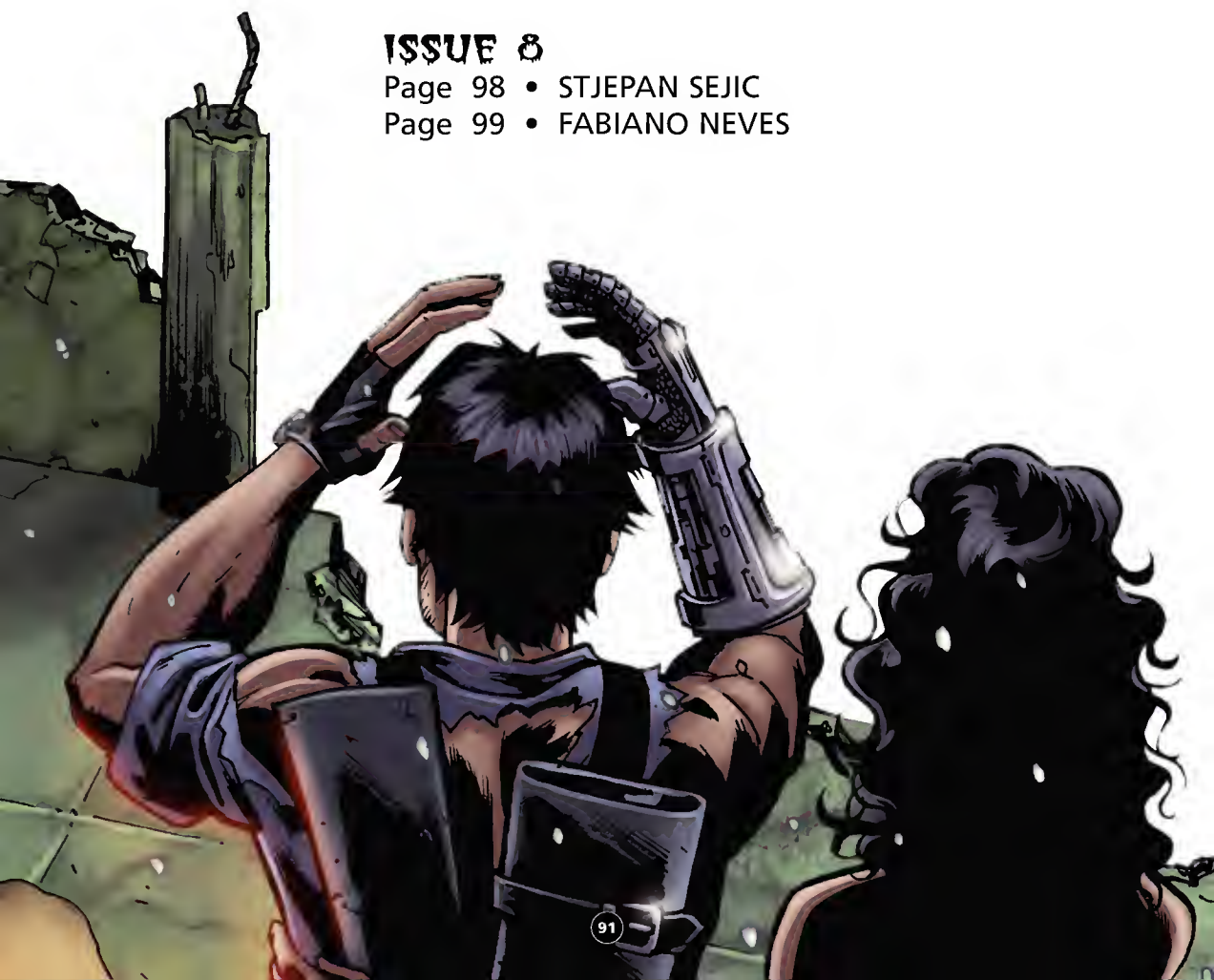
Page 96 • STJEPAN SEJIC

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ISSUE 8

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Suyong



FABIANO⁰⁷

JB



VC8



FABIANO 07





FABIANO





FABIANO

AN ADVANCED LOOK AT THE NEXT ARMY OF DARKNESS TRADE PAPERBACK COLLECTION



A PLACE THAT CAN ONLY BE DESCRIBED AS EXTREMELY CLOSE TO HELL...



WHO'S NEXT, MY MISERLY FRIENDS?

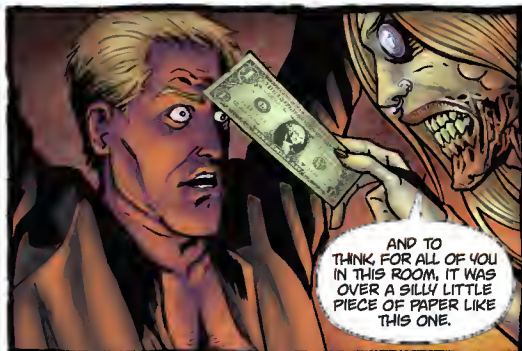
NO MORE! NO MORE!

I'M SORRY. I DIDN'T REALIZE THE PAIN I WAS CAUSING...



OH, MY DEAR FRIEND, PLEASE DO NOT FRET.

THE ONLY PAIN YOU CAUSED IN THE END IN YOUR QUEST FOR MATERIAL THINGS WAS YOUR OWN.

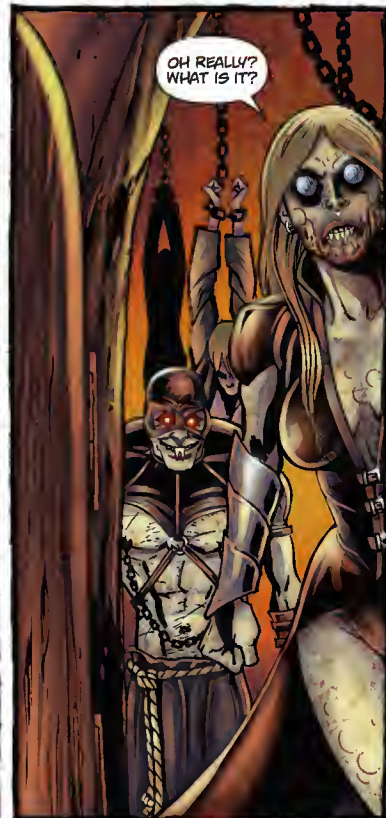
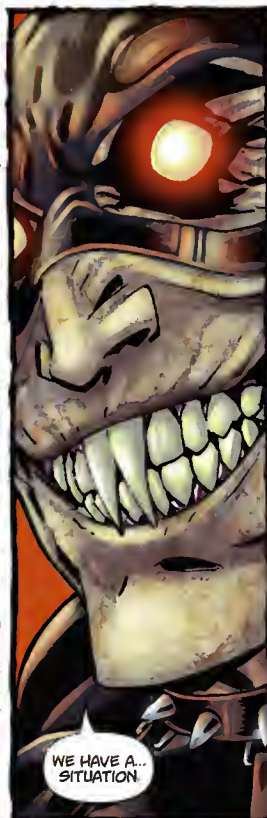
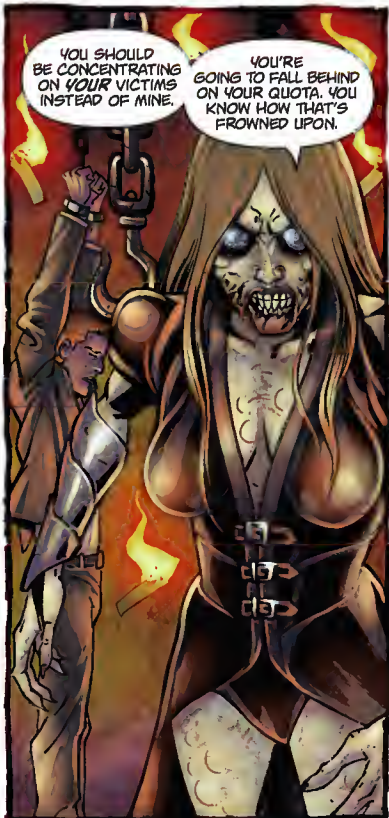


AND TO THINK, FOR ALL OF YOU IN THIS ROOM, IT WAS OVER A SILLY LITTLE PIECE OF PAPER LIKE THIS ONE.



NOW IT'S TIME TO PAY THE PIPER WITH YOUR BLOOD.

NOOOO!





WHY MUST YOU ALWAYS BOTHER ME? AREN'T ANY OF THE OTHERS CAPABLE OF HELPING YOU? I'M STILL GETTING USED TO IT DOWN HERE.

NO, WE DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO CLEAN UP A MESS LIKE THAT AGAIN.

YOU WANT ME TO BOTHER WRATH?



YOU ARE ALL ABOUT THE BOTTOM LINE, GREED. YOU KNOW HOW THINGS WORK HERE.

WE WORK TOGETHER TO CORRUPT THE SPIRIT AND TORTURE THE SOUL.

"ONE OF US IS POTENT".



I KNOW, I KNOW THE TEAM MOTTO... "BUT TOGETHER WE ARE DEADLY". GET ON WITH IT.

OH, GOOD SATAN. COME ON. I DO NOT HAVE TIME FOR THIS.



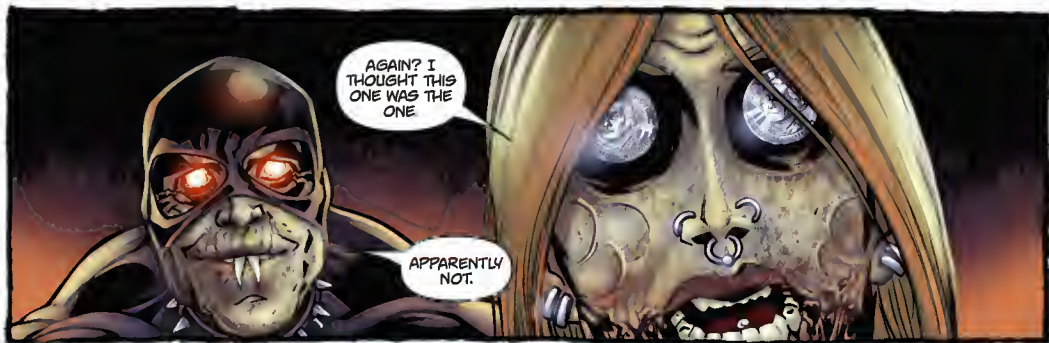
SHE WOULDN'T LEAVE THE WINDOW AT THE TOP OF THE DOOR IF SHE DIDN'T WANT US TO PEEK FROM TIME TO TIME.

BESIDES... LUST IN HER TRUE FORM... HOW CAN YOU PASS BY THAT?



IF THIS IS JUST YOU TRYING TO GET ME JEALOUS OF HOW MUCH FUN LUST IS ALWAYS HAVING? I SWEAR TO YOU I--

IT'S NOT THAT WE HAVE A PROBLEM.



THIS IS MY
CHOSEN ONE.

HIS NAME IS
ASHLEY J. WILLIAMS.

HE IS THE GREATEST
HERO THE WORLD HAS
EVER KNOWN.

THIS MAN HAS SAVED HISTORY
AS WE KNOW IT. HE HAS
THWARTED THE APOCALYPSE
AND THE END OF DAYS.

AND I AM HIS
CHOSEN LADY.

HE HAS SAVED ME
FROM A HORRIFIC
FATE MORE TIMES
THAN I'D LIKE TO
COUNT.

HIS SIMPLE NATURE AT
TIMES MAY CONCEAL HIS
LION'S HEART--

--AND HIS
MANLY WAYS.

AND I AM NOT
ASHAMED TO ADMIT
I LOVE HIM FOR
ALL OF IT.

**ARMY OF DARKNESS: HOME SWEET HELL
AVAILABLE IN 2009 FROM DYNAMITE!**



Tyrant
Lizard
King

EMPIRE